THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

March, 1805.

COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND MORTIMER.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

THE Countess of Oxford is daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Scott, of Itchin, and was married March 3, 1794, to Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, and Baron Harley, of Wigmore, by whom she has issue;

1. A Daughter, Born March 9, 1796.
2. Lord Harley, Born Jan. 20, 1800.
3. A Daughter, Born Dec. 12, 1801.

On the FACULTIES of the HUMAN MIND.

THE soul, winged by sublime images, flies from the earth, mounts as it proceeds, and casts an eye of disdain on those surrounding clouds which, as they gravitate to the earth, would impede its flight. At a certain height, the faculties of the mind expand, and the fibres of the heart dilate. It is, indeed, in the power of every man to perform more than he undertakes; and therefore it is both wise and praise-worthy to attempt every thing that is morally within our reach. How many dormant ideas may be awakened by exertion; and then, what a variety of early impressions, which were seemingly forgot, revive, and present themselves to our pens! We may always accomplish much more than we conceive, provided passion fans the flame which the imagination has lighted; for life is insupportable, when unanimated by the soft affections of the heart. Z.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXIX.

IT is as natural for Old Women to dream *dreams*, as for young ones to see *visions*; and it will readily be allowed, that long nights, and broken slumbers, are most likely to produce those vagaries of the mind, which, if they are not to be set down for preternatural revelations, certainly ought not to be wholly despised, since it is often possible to apply them to some useful or instructive purpose.

From this preface, it will be concluded, that I have lately been dreaming, and think the particulars of sufficient consequence to be communicated to my fair readers. For this, indeed, I might plead the practice of all my predecessors, both male and female, in the same line of composition; and if the OLD WOMAN has hitherto refrained from detailing her dreams, it is not because she was at a loss for materials, but because she was unwilling to obtrude on the public, what had little claim to its regard. If she is justified in relating the following adventures of the brain, the reader will candidly determine, to whose decision she appeals.

Lying awake for several hours last night, and meditating on the subject of my next paper, without being able to fix on any thing, at length I fell into a kind of slumber, when methought I was, by the indulgence of the immortals, restored to all the bloom of eighteen, and enjoined to make an immediate and irrevocable choice for life, of MARRIAGE or CELIBACY: And, that I might not have cause to complain of the peremptory command I had thus unexpectedly received, a lady, named Prudence, was ordered to conduct me to the temples of those two divinities, which were placed in adjoining groves. Before I set out, however, I fancied that I saw myself in a mirror, not with the natural wrinkles of seventy-five, but with the

the bloom of Hebe, and the charms of a Venus. I was enraptured at the view; and had not PRUDENCE hurried me along, I believe I should have contemplated myself in the looking-glass, till *Grizzle* had entered my room with a "Ma'am, it is time to get up."

In short, I will confess that I gave way to female vanity to the full, and totally forgot that I was an OLD WOMAN: but as beauty, I recollected, was given rather to please others than myself, I suffered myself to be conducted to the fane of MARRIAGE, where I imagined it must obtain me unqualified admiration, and thousands of lovers. As I approached the temple, through a vista of myrtles and oranges, the sweetest songsters warbled in the branches, the doves cooed to their mates, and the fruits and flowers exhaled the most delicious odours. My heart danced with pleasure, and every sense was lost in extacy. The avenues to the temple, which opened by degrees, were guarded on one side by *Cupid* with his train of *Loves*; while, on the other, stood *Plutus*, the god of riches, with his usual attendants. I saw devotees, like myself, taking both roads; but as PRUDENCE did not interfere, I chose to approach by that entrance which was under the influence of *Cupid*; and as I came near, the little archer smiled upon me with such ineffable complacency, as made me perfectly oblivious of the option I was to make; or rather I felt that I had decided already in favor of matrimony.

The temple of MARRIAGE was adorned with the most beautiful columns in front; but I could perceive that those parts of the building less in sight, were not only ill-proportioned, but neglected. The god himself was seated near the entrance, on a throne of ivory, inlaid with gold, and entwined with myrtles and roses. His countenance was gay and florid; his air inspired confidence and joy, and his whole form was inviting and agreeable. He wore a flowing robe of flame-coloured silk, of dazzling lustre; his

head was crowned with roses, mixed with the brightest jewels; and the sandals on his feet glittered like the stars in the arctic circle. In his left hand he bore a branch of olive, bending with fruit; and in his right, a regal sceptre, which, though apparently of gold, I was told, was, in reality, composed of iron and brass, or of some other inferior metal.

LOVE, HONOR, RESPECT, and WEALTH, were his supporters, or rather the principal ministers of his court; and POSTERITY, at a small distance behind, with a groupe of lovely boys and girls, in the natural attitudes of youth and joy, seemed anxious to engage my attention. They gamboled about with all the gaiety of innocence; and I could not help exclaiming, "How happy are the parents of such lovely children!"

In fact, at this instant, my whole soul was overcome with the fascination of the delightful objects before me; and I was just about to advance, and pay my homage to MARRIAGE, by tendering him my hand, when a discordant noise causing me to turn my head, and alter my position, I saw what the robes of the god had hitherto concealed, that close behind his throne stood CARE, with wrinkled brow and haggard eyes; DISCORD, armed with a lash, entwined with scorpions; JEALOUSY, stung by the *furies*, and writhing with pain and madness; and SUBJECTION, bearing a yoke, and loaded with chains, of which the links seemed alternately composed of gold, wreathed with festoons of roses, and iron twined with rue. The look, however, of the wearer was affectedly complaisant and composed; and, by a gentle motion of the hand, and familiar nod of the head, I was invited to approach, and put on similar badges of slavery, which lay under the throne of the God of Marriage in great abundance, and which were generally composed, with trifling variations, of the same materials.

I could have been reconciled to SUBJECTION, and have put on the chains without reluctance, had not

CARE

CARE, DISCORD, and JEALOUSY, filled me with such horror, that I anticipated the worst; and begged of PRUDENCE, who still attended me, without opening her lips, to take me from this place, where danger evidently lurked under the delusive garb of pleasure. The goddess smiled at my fears; and assured me, that those hideous phantoms were not the constant, but only the incidental attendants on MARRIAGE, and that I had no reason to apprehend any mischief from them, if I would be pleased to put myself under her direction. By her assistance, she endeavoured to convince me, that I might almost avoid the pestiferous influence of those demons that had alarmed me; and having given me this encouragement, she begged me to advance. I was so alarmed, however, at one set of the attendants on MARRIAGE, that the charms of their opposites could not overcome my reluctance to seal my destiny; and refusing to listen to the counsels of my celestial guide, I hurried out of the Temple, which was to close on me for ever.

I now entered the grove in which stood the fane consecrated to CELIBACY; and if my heart beat with rapture on approaching the seat of MARRIAGE, the avenue which led to the abode of this solitary Deity, produced an opposite effect. The trees were composed of funereal yew and cypress, which cast a melancholy shade: the way was rough and unpleasant; no flowers perfumed the air; no feathered warblers strained their throats; all was silence, except that the bird of PALLAS hooted from her secret recess; and the chattering of monkies, intermixed with the croaking of ravens, occasionally broke on my ear. A cold chill seized my heart; and had not shame and pride urged me on, I should have been tempted to return, and beg admittance from the rosy God of MARRIAGE, whose previous offers I had rejected. PRUDENCE saw my emotion, but forbore to make any remarks; and with pain, and long-

continued efforts, at length, conducted me to the top of the hill, on which stood the fane of CELIBACY. The die was now cast, yet I entered with reluctance; nor did the appearance of the goddess lessen my regrets at the folly of which I had been guilty. She was seated on an ebon throne, without the smallest decoration from art: her countenance was severe, and her complexion pale, and faded. She was clad in a loose robe of white, a garland of willow bound her brows; and in her hand she held a branch of barren yew. CHASTITY and PRIDE supported her train; before her stood NEGLECT, CONTEMPT, and DERISION; but she affected to overlook them with an indignant air, and fixed her eye on a beautiful personage at her right hand, whose name I understood was LIBERTY, but who seemed not to heed her attentions; or at least not in a sufficient degree to compensate for the indignities she underwent. I heard her call for TRANQUILLITY; but that sweetest attendant on life beckoned her to join the company of PEACE and CONTENTMENT, from which she had been long estranged, and who now refused to admit her into their society. I saw her breast heaved with passion, and her eye dart fury at the provocations she had received; but there was no one to revenge her cause. I shuddered while I contemplated her destitute and unhappy state; and as she stretched out her hand with a ghastly smile to bid me welcome, I started back in agitation unutterable, and called on PRUDENCE to save me from her grasp. But, on looking round, I found my guide had deserted me; and the scream I uttered on this occasion, dissolved the bands of sleep. On recovering my recollection, I was happy to find myself once more an OLD WOMAN, and a WIDOW, who had performed her duty in life: and I have reason to believe, that the purest happiness which the mortal state can taste, must be derived from the reflection of having been at once virtuous and useful.

REMARKS,

REMARKS,

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

IT is so much the custom of the male sex, when addressing themselves to the fair, to say rather what they imagine will please them, than to express what their real sentiments are, that, when a person openly avows his intention of speaking the truth, I am led to suppose, the ladies are not, in reality, so unmoved as they would apparently be thought. Are you not, then, my fair readers, really alarmed at the idea of one, who has hitherto only looked, and reflected, and sighed, venturing to express his real opinion of you? But, no—— I will suppose myself addressing those who, though they may receive flattery with a complacent smile, will make amends, by receiving truth without a frown.

And now you will doubtless suppose I am going to find fault; I must, however, disclaim such an intention; I will rather dwell on what I admire; which is, I consider, a good-natured way of throwing a stigma on the opposite extremes: as for instance; if we say, "I admire affability," 'tis the politest way of saying, "I can't endure pride."

To speak, then, of what I admire——I admire your eyes, when modest love, humanity, admiration of any thing excellent, or any of the nobler passions irradiate them. They are generally objects of admiration; but, believe me, it is the disposition alone which can give them their most beautiful, and only permanent, lustre. They are mirrors, which reflect not only internally, but externally; and at the same time that they discover to *you* what passes before your observation, they shew *us*, still more plainly, if possible, what passes in your minds. And probably on the same foundation we may raise this axiom: Be our *real* opinion of any of our own sex what it may, that

that person will generally entertain similar sentiments towards us; and not all the hypocrisy in the world can prevent its being discovered.

I have sometimes observed (need I say with what concern?) that your eyes are much more beautiful when you imagine they are unregarded, than when those of any person are visibly directed towards you. But the would-be careless, heedless, saucy, look—the rolling eye—the piercing glance, unexpectedly darted at some unsuspecting youth—let others, every way your inferiors, practise. 'Tis true, I have seen (shall I say I have felt?) that it is not always without its effect; though but transient, and seldom or never productive of good. I have been diverted by seeing an artful girl turn abruptly round, to ask some gentle youth a trifling question, and levelling, at the same time, a pair of fine bright eyes point-blank at him. He would make shift, at last, to stammer an answer; but, poor fellow! he cannot remember the look she gave him, without emotion to this day. Shall my amiable readers do this? Ah, no!—they will wound hearts sufficient with the timid glances of modesty, although the effect may be less immediately apparent.

The *mouth* of a beautiful woman is thus described by one of the most gallant noblemen, and elegant poets, of the age in which he lived:—

"Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
"Thoud'st swear her words her teeth did break,
"That they might passage get;
"But she so handled still the matter,
"They came as good as ours, or better,
"And are not spent a whit."

But though I admire the arch simplicity of this description, I do not think it requisite, that every woman should purse up her mouth as if her lips were sore, in order to be perfectly beautiful. Our ancestors,

cestors, good honest folks, thought, no doubt, that little mouths confined the tongue, and thus they affixed a notion of that being beautiful, which, in fact, was only desirable; but we are more enlightened, and do not love to see "Nature curtail'd of her fair proportion." Indeed, I should fear it would have a contrary effect; as the diminishing of the ears of dogs and horses, is supposed to improve their faculty of hearing.

Besides, with such very little mouths, you could not display your teeth; and I have seen a lady as fond of shewing her teeth, as if all the world knew what an exorbitant price she had paid for them. It is true, we are all too much given to estimating that most which is the most expensive; but I should suppose a good natural set of teeth the more estimable treasure of the two. On the other hand, I would not have them kept continually closed, as some do, moving their lips only when they speak. The spectator gazes with pleasure, to be sure, upon them; but if any one ask him his opinion of the lady afterwards, he can only say "her teeth were good." But was she handsome—elegant—sensible? "I really cannot tell—I only know her teeth were very white."

But I will proceed no further with this kind of criticism—I begin to blame myself already for being such a phlegmatic fellow. You, I doubt not, begin to be tired of me.—Well, I must say, with a sigh, it is not the first time I have been honoured with your displeasure; and since you do frown, I will take the liberty to add a few words more.

"Man is never less alone than when alone:"—This, however paradoxical it may appear, I think I daily experience the truth of. The moment I am left to myself, your lovely images, and a thousand tender recollections, occupy my thoughts: But when I mix among the crowds of the busy and the gay, who fill, more especially, the streets of London, I become a solitary

litary being, and have nothing to do, but to glide along, and look around me, like one who's "occupation's gone!" Then I cannot but observe what idols too many of our females are—or would be. If a passer-by casually directs his eye to any woman, who possesses, in her own estimation, some beauty, (and what woman does not?) she will mantle up her head, and look so proudly, one would imagine the Queen of the Amazons had again risen, and was renewing her former animosity against her male neighbours. I have been favoured, during a walk, with the company of one of my female acquaintance, who seemed to be of this persuasion; and I remember yet, the disagreeable dilemma to which I was reduced, for want of properly understanding the motives which influenced her conduct. To all my attempts at conversation, she answered very indifferently, or not at all; but looking intently, to all appearance, at something before her, though, in reality, at every one we met, lest any one should overlook her; whilst I only received, for my share of the campaign, an accidental *hum, or ha!—Indeed—Well,* and *Bless me!*

Poets are sometimes old-fashioned and quizzical in their opinions. A certain fanciful one, who may be said to come under such a description, thus celebrates a virtuous maid:——

"Silent, and chaste, she steals along,
"Far from the world's gay, busy throng,
"With gentle, yet prevailing force,
"Intent upon her destin'd course."

I will leave my readers to make the application, if they think fit. In my opinion, it is obvious, from this description, whatever Cowper's merit be in other respects, he never studied the fair Volume of Nature.

FRANK.

ON GIVING AND RECEIVING ADVICE.

THERE is no greater instance of good sense, than to be capable of *receiving advice;* for we may easily find that the greatest part of mankind are unanimously resolved to play the hypocrite with one another. The person who asks advice, seldom means any thing more by it, than to let you know either what he has already done, or resolved to do: the giver of advice, therefore, knowing that this is a common mode of proceeding, repays the fraud of his friend with another of his own, and, instead of considering the thing proposed, considers only what the intention of his friend is, and immediately advises him to that.

There are some who ask advice, but proclaim their own resolution before they can receive any answer—*Shall I do this?—Yes, I will do it,*—is the constant practice of an old Physician of my acquaintance; whilst my friend Mr. Wilful takes a contrary method, and with his—*I will do this—Shall I?*—makes his asking advice an equal absurdity. Mrs. Rentroll is of the same turn of mind with my friend Wilful. She never does any thing without consulting her husband; but wisely lets him know her intention first, and asks his advice after. The other day Bob Spavin, the jockey, brought an elegant saddle-horse to shew her, of about eighty pounds value. She immediately asked her husband's advice, whether she should have it or no. He attempted seriously to persuade her against it; but found at last, that her asking whether she *should* have it, was only her manner of telling him she *would*.

Tom Sparebones has a far happier way of managing his wife, who will not take the least step without his approbation. If she would take a jaunt in the summer, if she would invite to a dance, or make one at a tea-party, she never fails to ask his advice first.

first. Tom puts on a grave face, and violently persuades her to what he knows she is resolved upon. She cries, *Well, since you advise me to it, my dear, I will*—and thus certainly obeys him: by this means, he is the most absolute husband in the world.

There is another set of people, who ask advice only to court our flattery; and it is easy to observe, notwithstanding all their grimace, that it is rather praise than counsel they consult us for. A young author shewed a poetical translation to a man of excellent judgment, and solicited him as the oracle who was to pronounce its fate: the gentleman, with the utmost tenderness and good-nature, yet with a sincerity above the common mode, pointed out its numerous errors, and advised him against committing it to press. The bard was incapable of receiving advice, and thought it was nothing but an endeavour of envy to suppress his *merit*. He ran immediately to some wiser counsellors, who complaisantly applauded his piece; he printed it, and thus proved himself a blockhead.

Some men ask advice, likewise, merely to collect opinions; and though they would be glad that the world agreed with them, they have no intention of altering their conduct, if the case should be otherwise. M'Brawn took a mistress into keeping, and asked the sentiments of his friends upon the occasion, in hopes they would think that this step was at least preferable to the indiscriminate pursuit of low pleasures. They candidly expressed their disapprobation. M'Brawn has quarrelled with his counsellors, it is true, but he still keeps his mistress.

Thus, sincerity in giving advice is constantly received ill, by all but those persons who have good sense enough to bear with it; and the sincere counsellor comes off well, if he is not recompensed with some blunt remonstrance, or keen reproach.

A.

PAULIN

PAULIN;

OR,

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

[Continued from page 125.]

WHEN I got home, they were at supper; and I was much surprised to see a man, of about sixty years of age, by the side of Henrietta, grey-haired, with an open countenance, who, as soon as M. Durant said, "We did not expect you to supper, M. Paulin," rose from the table, and embraced me cordially; saying, "It is a long time, my good young man, since I have wished to know you: your countenance announces that you merit all the good that is spoken of you. I am very sorry that the death of Madame Molard has hindered your union with my niece. Come, nephew, sit down by her; and to-morrow we will regulate that affair. I hope," added he, addressing himself to Robert, who was on the other side of Henrietta, "that this young man will have no objection to make room for you." Robert, without answering, drew back his chair, with a very indifferent grace; and Henrietta kept her eyes fixed on her plate.

M. Bavron (for that was the name of Henrietta's uncle) perceived his niece's constraint, as well as Robert's and mine. "What does this mean?" said he. "You seem dissatisfied, Henrietta! Your intended has also a constrained look; and this youth, whose sitting I have deranged, manifests much ill-humour." "I will explain to you, my uncle, the reasons for my change of sentiments with respect to M. Paulin," said she.—"A change! Can you have a better offer? I have no patience; I will not wait until to-morrow; I will have an explanation this instant."—"But, my dear uncle, I cannot."—"You can—I like not many words; a seaman knows how

to employ his time: speak; you pout! These are love-tricks."—"No, my dear uncle; I protest to you, I will never marry M. Paulin."—"A speech, truly, without much circumlocution.—And what reason determines you thus to break with him?"—"A very simple one; it is, that my gentleman, without any regard for me, has disposed of the sum which ought to assure our establishment; and I am determined not to marry a man who does not know the value of money, and who dissipates it in extravagancies."—"What, M. Paulin, you! who are so well spoken of, are you guilty of follies?"—"To oblige a person in distress, is not, in my opinion, a reproachable action." "No, damn it, no: but I should like to know the whole matter before I pronounce in favour of one or the other."

I related to M. Bavron the circumstance of my loan to Captain Wilkes, and he heard me with the greatest interest: his eyes dropped tears; and striking a heavy blow on the table with his clinched fist, he cast a look of indignation on his niece:—"A thousand tempests! is this, Miss," said he, "what you call a foolish action! Know that I conceive it a sublime one: you ought to blush for shame. I perceive M. Paulin loves you still. Come, give him your hand; embrace, and let us have no more apishness." "Although you approve, uncle, of the action of M. Paulin, I do not remain less firmly decided to renounce him: besides, I have made another choice."—"You have made another choice! and that choice, I think, is not very difficult to guess, Miss!"—"I think, uncle, that Mr. Robert suits me better in all respects."—"The choice suits you, Miss: I think I have the right to tell you, that it does not suit me by any means: however, you will act as you think proper—but recollect, that from this instant, I consider you as no longer my niece: you understand me! let that suffice."—"Sir," said I to Henrietta's uncle, "whatever it has, and may cost me, in losing your niece's

niece's heart, I beseech you not to withdraw your protection from her. In following the impulse of my mind, in succouring Captain Wilkes, I was certainly far from thinking that I unloosed the bonds of love: your neice has convinced me, by her conduct, that indifference has succeeded to the tender sentiment which united us; I have seen the attentions of Robert to her, and I cannot mistake the end he aims at. I have felt all the torments of a real passion; jealousy has been my punishment: the evils I endured, so far from softening Henrietta, have, on the contrary, made her conduct more haughty towards me; she has made me drink plentifully of humiliation and disgust; she has renounced me, and I renounce her: may the man she judges more worthy her attachment, form her happiness; it is my sincerest wish."

"I thank you," said Henrietta, with a smile, in which irony was painted, "I thank you, M. Paulin; I could not expect less civility on your part."—"You are impertinent, niece: you will have time to weep your present loss; you will feel it one day, but it will be too late. Adieu; I consent to your marriage; and, like M. Paulin, I wish you all imaginable prosperity," taking my hand.—"You, my worthy friend, let me have the pleasure of your company to-morrow at nine, at the Wild Man, the hotel where I lodge; we will breakfast together; and since fate will not allow you to be my nephew, I flatter myself you will not refuse to become my friend."—"With all my heart, Sir; I will do all that lies in my power to render myself worthy of being so."

As soon as M. Bavron was gone out, Henrietta hastened to her chamber, and Robert to his. M. Durant, who was contented to remain a simple spectator, shook me affectionately by the hand, saying, "I sincerely wish you may soon find another Henrietta: I confess to you, I think this a happy rupture; this girl does not suit *you*, and your union with her would have rendered you very unhappy: your cha-

racters do not sympathize together; she is hard, cold, and interested; you are mild, obliging, and possess sensibility; and this disparity would have rendered you, of all men, the most to be pitied; Robert, on the contrary, is a morose, avaricious man, who, like herself, only lives to amass money, without being very delicate about the means of acquiring it." I agreed with M. Durant that he was right. I could not, however, detach myself altogether so far from Henrietta, without feeling the liveliest regret at separating myself from her for ever. I went to rest with a mind agitated with the diverse scenes of the day; that which had passed at my good friend Bertrand's, affected me much more than the rest; the image of the interesting Josephine presented itself to my soul under the most tender aspect. "She loves me," said I; "I cannot doubt it; and my happiness would be perfect, if I could pay her in return. Why should I not attach myself to this sensible and amiable creature? It is in her love I shall find an indemnification for the sharp afflictions which have been my lot ever since I was a year old. It is done; I have broke with Henrietta; she cannot, nor ought to be mine; let me then cultivate the favourable dispositions of Josephine towards me: in uniting myself to her, I double the ties that attach me to those who received me in my childhood, and who opened the way for me to arrive at what I now am." Unable to sleep, I rose, and wrote to Josephine in the following terms:

"MISS JOSEPHINE,

"The veil which concealed my happiness from me, is removed: and the love that intoxicated me in favour of an indifferent woman, who has been the first to abandon me, has vanished like those light vapours that an enlivening sun disperses by the brightness of its rays.

"Simple,

"Simple, and without art, I ought to open my soul to you: if it is a rashness, I have too good an opinion of the sensibility that characterizes you, not to hope that you will pardon me. I thought I read in your eyes, that Paulin, rejected by Henrietta, was not indifferent to you: the interest you shewed for me yesterday, what charms had it not with me! The expressions of your sensibility were a restoring and healing balm to my severe wounds. I abjure a foolish love; and, if I am happy enough to have touched the heart of Josephine, I dare assure her, my happiness is complete, and that every day of my life shall be consecrated to contribute to her's.

"You join a noble frankness to your natural sensibility. I may then hope that you will see in my proceeding, the sincere raptures of a man who desires to see you partake the sentiment which he feels, and who waits an avowal which will double the happiness of his existence.

"Consult your worthy relations; they know me; and if the sentiments I manifest to you, are agreeable to them, they will complete my wishes, in receiving me as the future husband of Josephine.

PAULIN."

At break of day, I sent my letter to M. Bertrand's, with orders to the bearer, to bring me an answer: he was absent more than an hour; and this hour was to me an age. I felt myself totally cured of my love for Henrietta, and violently smitten with Josephine. This sudden change astonished me; but the more I examined my heart, the more I was convinced of its being real.

When the messenger entered, my heart beat with violence; my hand trembled in receiving the letter he gave me; I opened it, and read as follows:

"M. and Mad. Bertrand, and their niece Josephine, expect M. Paulin to dinner, to rejoice with

him on his happy rupture with Henrietta: they wish it may be lasting; and M. Paulin need not doubt of their zeal to contribute, as far as they can, to make him forget the disappointment he has met with. He ought to know how dear he is to them, and what pleasure they shall always feel to give him proofs of it."

This singular letter gave me inexpressible joy: I clearly saw that I was loved by Josephine, and that her relations would see our union with pleasure.

As I was preparing to pay Henrietta's uncle my appointed visit, she appeared in the counting-house: the sight of her, at any time, made me uneasy; my heart beat, and I was near being ill: at this time, however, I did not feel the slightest emotion; I was perfectly at my ease; I wished her a good day, and enquired after her health with so easy an air as to surprise her.—"Have you nothing to say, Miss Henrietta, to your uncle?"—"If you choose to present my respects to him, Sir, you may."—"You cannot doubt, Miss Henrietta, of my desire to do what is agreeable to you."—"That is very good of you, M. Paulin; but it would have been better had you acted thus before you carried your money to the English Captain."—"Of what use to speak of that affair?"—"To make you feel, Sir, that our rupture is unalterable."—"Henrietta, I am far from reproaching you with it; I will even acknowledge, if it made me uneasy before, it now completes my wishes."—"You are impertinent, Sir."—"I do not doubt but I am, Miss Henrietta."—"Do not trouble me with your jealousy."—"Jealousy is the companion of real love."—"Ah! how happy should I be if you loved me no more!"—"If so, you are happy; for I protest to you, with sincerity, that I have no other sentiment for you, but that which is due to your sex in general."—"You give me great pleasure."—"Will you give me leave to announce to your uncle, the day when you crown Robert's wishes?"—"I have no account

to

to give you, Sir; and I pray you to cease this scoffing."—"My intention was by no means to excite your ill humour: I shall retire; adieu, Miss."—"Adieu, Sir." My mind had not felt for a long time so light a sensation: it seemed as if it were relieved from a heavy weight: all my ideas grew gayer upon the future happiness that Josephine's tenderness promised me.

M. Bavron appeared surprised at seeing such an air of gaiety in my countenance: he embraced me cordially, and ordered breakfast to be served. He acknowledged to me, in conversation, that from Mad. Molard's favorable representation of me, he did not hesitate to give his consent; adding, that the motive of his arrival, was to join to the marriage contract the sum of a thousand crowns; that he was exasperated against his niece; she might marry, but he would take care and keep his money. I prayed him, with earnestness, not to entertain such harsh sentiments of her, and had the happiness to succeed in rendering him more calm, and not so violent against her. "I will not," said he, "refuse your request; she shall have the thousand crowns; but she shall understand that I do not give them her, but by your desire, and at your instance." I thought it right not to make a mystery to M. Bavron of my new amour. He congratulated me on it frankly, wishing me all sorts of prosperity. He would accompany me home, to wish his niece farewell; which I could not refuse him. Henrietta, seeing us enter together, grew pale and red by turns. Robert was seated by her; he rose. M. Bavron, approaching Henrietta, said to her, "My niece, I come to bid you adieu, and to give my consent to your new marriage. I will not dissemble with you; I should have been very glad to have had M. Paulin for my nephew; but, all things considered, I feel he will be much happier with her he has chosen, than he would have been with you. My first intention, in arriving here, was to give you a thousand

crowns; the second was, to take it away from you, on finding your change of mind; but M. Paulin, whom I love too well to disoblige, having begged me not to withdraw that sum, I will, on his account, deposit it with a notary. Adieu, may you be happy."

Henrietta was very much embarrassed, muttered some words of thanks, and endeavoured to find out, by my looks, if I had absolutely given my heart to another. This made me smile, which completed her embarrassment, which I inwardly enjoyed; and though my heart was always far removed from the idea of revenge, I felt a secret pleasure, that her uncle had told her I had fixed my thoughts on another; and that I was sufficiently disengaged from her, to indulge no resentment; but to have persuaded him not to deprive her of the sum he appointed for us.

M. Bavron, when he left us, requested leave to write to me, and to keep up a correspondence with him, which I promised.

I repaired to M. Bertrand's at the hour of dinner; and some idea may be formed of the different sensations I felt in going there. Mad. Bertrand was alone in a lower parlour; she smiled when she saw me; and laying hold of my head affectionately with both her hands, she embraced me, saying, "Ah, ha! M. Paulin, you write love letters, do you? Is it true, my child, that thou no longer likest thy Henrietta?"—"It is very true, Madame, very true; I swear to you it is."—"So be it; for it is a good clearance. Hear what I am going to say, M. Paulin: you know that my husband and I love you as our own child; we have proved we do; and poor Josephine loves you also. She is a frank young girl, who knows no deceit: it is now a month since she confessed to us her partiality for you: if you knew but what concern we felt, how we grudged at your love for Henrietta. Ah! she does not know herself; but when Josephine read your letter this morning, she wept, was unwell, and threw herself into our arms,

arms, exclaiming, uncle! aunt! how happy I am! M. Paulin loves me; he writes me word he does; I ought to believe him; you do also, don't you? for you have always told me he is incapable of falsehood. You weep M. Paulin."—"It is for joy, Madame Bertrand, to find myself loved by your niece."—"Upon my word, you do well; it is better to weep with her for joy, than to have wept so often with vexation for a girl who does not deserve your friendship."—"Let us speak no more of Henrietta; let us speak of Josephine; she alone interests me; but where is she?"—"She is with her uncle, preparing dinner."—"I am anxious to see her, as well as your worthy husband."—"You will see them by and bye: you do not know what my husband and I will do for you?"—"No."—"I will tell you, for it is impossible to keep a secret from you. You have lost your six thousand franks; on these you must no longer rely, M. Paulin: the English Captain is surely dead; for I think, like you, he was too honest not to repay you your money; it is a misfortune you must bear as well as you can; and to repair it, my husband and I will give six thousand franks in marriage with Josephine; and after our death, you will have our small fortune."

I was going to express my gratitude to Mad. Bertrand, when her husband entered, accompanied by Josephine, who blushed when she saw me. As for the uncle, he leaped on my neck, saying, "Come, come, M. Paulin, thou shalt be our nephew; and see there, thy little wife, that thou must embrace." I impressed on the burning cheeks of Josephine, two tender kisses; and the excess of pleasure made my heart palpitate with joy.

Our dinner was delicious. Josephine never spake, except to answer, in the most ingenuous and touching manner, the expressions of my love. Joy and pleasure sparkled in the eyes of M. and Mad. Bertrand, who

who agreed that our marriage should be celebrated in a month.

Nothing remains a secret in a small town; every thing transpires presently; and in a very few days my marriage was the topic of general conversation. Henrietta was not the last to hear of it; but she spoke not to me: we were together upon the footing of respect which simple politeness requires. Fourteen months were already passed away since the death of Mad. Molard, without the premises, which were advertised for sale, having found a purchaser. The heir came to Dunkirk, and requested us not to leave until the premises were disposed of. Informed that Robert and Henrietta intended to marry, he persuaded them to celebrate their wedding in the house, which they accepted. He made me the same proposal; but I told him I could not accept his offer, as my future wife's relations were settled in the town.

Robert had ceased to view me with an envious eye, from the moment my love for Henrietta was extinct. The wedding being in the house, they could not but invite me to it; and this invitation was given me by Robert and Henrietta in such a manner, I could not refuse them: they even carried their politeness so far, as to invite the Bertrands and their niece, who had rather have refused them, but on my account accepted it.

The wedding was gay, thanks to the generosity of the heir of Mad. Molard, who defrayed the expenses; and greatly amused himself on the occasion. M. and Mad. Bertrand could not help smiling at my free and easy air, both at the ceremony, the dinner, and the ball. Josephine, above all, was intoxicated to see me wholly occupied with her; and, as far as politeness would permit, I danced with no other.

(To be continued.)

Projected

Projected Union between COMTE D'EGMONT *and* MISS BECKFORD.

IN the full tide of *fashionable nuptials*, which too generally flow in the easy current of personal indifference, a rejection of a matrimonial tender in high life, has occurred, which should be recorded as a rare and pure example of *female sensibility*.

The Comte D'Egmont, one of the most noble, and wealthy Grandees of Spain, came over to England, on an invitation from Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, with a view (as it is said) of promoting an union between the families, by the Comte's marriage with his second daughter. The illustrious Spaniard, whose mind had been highly prepossessed in favor of the young lady, from an interesting portrait of her, which he had seen abroad, eagerly embraced the flattering invitation, and soon afterwards arrived in London. Being received, on his arrival, by Miss Beckford, with every mark of politeness, and attention, as the friend of her father, the Comte himself saw no difficulty in the way of an immediate union, conformably to the usage of his own country; and therefore he sent a courier to Madrid, requesting that his friend, the Prince Pignatelli, would come over, and assist at the immediate solemnization of his nuptials. The Prince obeyed this summons of his friend; and as soon as he arrived in England, Miss Beckford was solicited by the Comte to name the day, for an union she had never once dreamt of, and which, of course, was declined with all imaginable delicacy towards her distinguished suitor. The Comte, however, not understanding the extent of *female liberty* in this country, immediately remonstrated with her father, who is said to have been extremely mortified at the disappointment. Intreaties were had recourse

to, but with no effect; and even stronger endeavours were not wanting, to move the amiable heroine from a resolution, on which, however, her mind was irrevocably made up. Throwing herself upon her knees, she conjured her father "Not to compel her to a further resistance of his will—a law to which she had hitherto yielded with an affectionate reverence." Pressed still further, she declared, in a paroxysm of extreme grief, "That nothing on earth could induce her to alter her resolve!" A scanty limitation of future fortune was hinted at; but all had no avail; she said, that "However slender his bounty towards her might be—however small her parental pittance, she should rest satisfied with it; as a straw pallet in a room of twice its dimensions, would be preferable with freedom of mind, to all the splendours of a palace without it!"—In a word, she vowed, with the deepest anguish, that as she never would bestow her hand contrary to the authority of her father, so no force should compel her to surrender it contrary to her own! The utmost efforts being found ineffectual, all ideas of an union were abandoned; and Comte D'Egmont, and his friend, Prince Pignatelli, returned to Spain without the fair object of their visitation.

The Comte was a handsome, good-humoured man, about thirty-four years of age, possessing in domains, and specie, a property that made him the richest subject in Europe. Miss Beckford was confessedly one of the most beautiful women our country can boast; and to her personal charms, added endowments corresponding with the elegance of a pure, and discerning mind.

THE OLD YEW-TREE.

A FRAGMENT.

IT was a cottage of the neatest order of rural simplicity. The small garden, plentifully stored with the various vegetables for common use, shewed it the selected seat of contented industry. A few paces distant from the cottage stood, conspicuous to the view, an aged yew-tree: it arrested my attention. Bereft of its branches, and with its solitary scraggy top reared high above the thatch, it seemed to bespeak itself the record of some rustic's fate. There was a degree of rugged distinction in the mutilated relic, that awakened my curiosity; and I sought to gratify it; so, letting down the front glass of the chaise, I addressed some enquiries to the driver.

"An please your honor," said the post-boy, in the tone of genuine sensibility, "that is the cottage of old Christopher."

"And that old yew-tree, my good fellow?" said I—

"Ah! your honor," replied he, with a sympathetic shake of the head, "that is a sorry sight. I remember the *last* branch being lopped from it."

Now, there was nothing peculiar in a branch being lopped from a yew-tree: yet there was something so interesting in the idea of the last branch being lopped from that particular tree, that I listened with serious attention to the post-boy's tale.

Old Christopher, it seems, had been the father of fourteen children, whose ruddy countenances beamed with contentment. There were as many branches to the aged yew; and each particular branch had been apportioned off by him as the talisman of each child's destiny. The ravenous fiend, Disease, at length writhed his distorted form beneath the lowly roof; and thirteen younglings of the flock fell, the successive victims of his poisonous gripe. As each

one fell, the stated branch was lopped from off the aged yew-tree.

Here was a blow that frail humanity staggered under. Thirteen beauteous branches, which but lately flourished in the fullest bloom of florid health, severed from parental fondness at nearly a single stroke! Still calm reflection, and confidence in Heaven's just decrees, composed his troubled breast: and Labour, grand controller of man's murmurs and complaints, returned, with smiling-faced Content, the tenant of his humble dwelling.

There yet remained one lovely, thriving branch; and that was portioned to Eliza's fate. Awhile it flourished in its green foliage; and then old Christopher, at close of day, when the rough task of labour was over, would sit beneath the aged yew-tree; smiling benignantly on young Eliza and the single branch, in pious gratitude to Heaven for such dear solace to his declining days.

"I remember her," said the boy, "ever since I drove on this road. She was the prettiest girl you would see in a summer's day—The neatest, cleanliest creature.—She deserved to be the pride of her parent's heart—I never saw her equal, your honor."

"You speak with all the enthusiasm of a lover, my lad," said I. "Every one, who saw her, must have loved her," he added, "for her goodness to old Christopher. She was the very soul of his old age, as one may say. He never stirred without her help." "Such attention (said I) to an aged parent, was enough to make every one love her."

"The very birds seemed to love her," he continued: "and I always remarked, there seemed more robins about old Christopher's cottage, whilst she lived there, than on all the road besides. I have thought robins *boding* ever since, your honor.—It was pity they called her away so soon, poor girl!"

"How long is it since she died?" I asked.

"Just

"Just three years and six months," he replied. "I shall never see such a burying again.—We all went to see it, far and near.—A score of little girls of the parish, drest all in white, followed the coffin, and strewed it over with flowers when it was put in the grave: poor dear little souls! I shall never forget how they sobbed all the way; and not a dry eye was to be seen amongst the numbers that attended."

"And what was the cause of her death?" rejoined I.

"Some said one thing; and some said another;" answered he. "However, for my part, I verily believe that she died broken-hearted for love of a young gentleman, that used to call frequently at old Christopher's when he was out a sporting. I have often seen his dogs and horse standing at the door of the cottage as I have driven by. She was never known to look up after she heard he was going to be married to a lady of large estate in these parts. If you remember, your honor, you passed a fine stone house in the bottom? That was Mrs. ————'s before she married young Mr. ———. He was her fifth husband; and younger than her youngest son, who was a captain in the army."

Here the post-boy was running on with a long history of this lady; but I stopped him short, by further enquiries respecting old Christopher and the yew-tree.

Old Christopher, he informed me, immediately on the decease of his child, (since which time he had been in a total state of mental imbecility,) had lopped off the last remaining branch of the old yew-tree; which, as a rugged staff, now served him to totter to and fro with. It was his support by day, and his constant companion by night. At his homely meal, he stationed it at the table where his child had been wont to sit opposite to him: and when he retired to bed, he constantly placed it in the empty crib where she had been accustomed to rest beside him: ever

fondly stiling it "his dear, his duteous Lizzy:" for so he called his daughter in her life-time; and for hours together he would often weep over it, as though it were the actual relics of his departed child. The old yew-tree, which he said described himself, a mutilated trunk, and barren remnant of a once luxuriant stock, he requested might be felled at his own decease; that both himself and that, the record of his woes, might fall in one day.

"I sometimes (added he) call as I pass the cottage, and carry the old man somewhat to comfort him; for he was always mortal kind to any of us if we happened to call at his gate, in ordering us a mug of beer, or so. At times, he remembers me still; and asks if I am come to enquire how his Lizzy does; and then the old man cries bitterly. I never like to see him at those times—It makes one's very heart ache, your honor. It was but yesterday I carried him a London cheesecake; and the poor old man was strangely pleased with it. He is main grateful, your honor, for the smallest trifle."

"And thy actions, my good fellow, (said I,) seem to be influenced by a benevolence, that must make even the smallest trifle valuable, from the motive which inspired the gift."

"Lord! your honor, (rejoined he,) what was a mere cheesecake?"

"A record of charity, (added I,) which, in due season, shall plead in thy favor before Him who rewardeth actions according to their merits. But come, (continued I,) thou shalt carry old Christopher something better than a cheesecake, as thou returnest today—thou shalt carry him ————, and with it the genuine pity of a heart sympathetic from early sorrows."

At discharging the chaise, the boy undertook a small commission to old Christopher: and as he quitted me, he bade "Heaven bless me!" with a cordial tone of exclamation, that convinced me it was the spontaneous

spontaneous impulse of a feeling heart; and not extorted from any selfish gratification at the small addition I had made to his own gratuity.

The benediction cheered me throughout my journey.—It will cheer me, said I, through life.

O ye! who possess the ample means to procure such benedictions, say not, ye want opportunity for your benefactions!—The high-road of life will ever furnish a thousand objects to the generous passenger, to draw him to the abodes of misfortune; nor will he want a guide to point out objects for his beneficence.

THISMIAMES.

THE DUTY OF BENEVOLENCE:

Illustrated by a Circumstance which recently occurred.

THERE is a sympathizing impulse implanted in an uncorrupted bosom, which leads it imperceptibly to participate in those misfortunes which it has not the power to remove; and callous must be the heart which retains its insensibility amidst the various afflictions to which humanity is exposed.

The susceptible mind feels itself attracted by the sight of human misery, without inquiring into the cause from whence it may proceed; whilst the phlegmatic breast coldly deliberates whether it would be *prudent*, or *proper*, to relieve an object in distress. Oh, Sensibility! sweet soother of misfortune, long mayst thou reign triumphant in my heart; and when it ceases to beat to the voice of Affliction, may the current of life from that moment be ended.

This apostrophe to Sensibility was excited by a circumstance which occurred a few months ago, and has left too strong an impression on my memory to be easily effaced. That similarity of disposition is not essentially necessary in friendship, observation and experience must frequently have proved; and the truth of the remark was never more completely

verified, than in the contrariety of sentiment which marks the character of a man I have long considered as my friend. The power of habit, it is true, may sometimes counteract the impressions of nature. From a boy, I had been accustomed to consider Charles Montgomery in a superior light: Nature had bestowed upon him a depth of understanding; and passion never for a moment banished reason from his mind.

Placed under the guardianship of the father of Montgomery when I was about eleven years of age, a friendship soon took place between us, which neither time, or circumstances, have been able to efface. Strong in my attachments, impetuous in my feelings, it was the restraining counsel of Montgomery which kept them in due bounds; and by this means he obtained a claim upon my gratitude; and I felt for him the most perfect esteem.

Nineteen years have nearly elapsed since our friendship became reciprocal. Different pursuits placed us in different parts of the world. Prudence and precaution had insured to Montgomery a splendid fortune; whilst, from feeling too sensibly for the woes of others, I had only realized a few thousand pounds. Yet in the scale of human happiness, it may be inquired, who had the largest portion? Is it not doubtful whether Montgomery's breast ever glowed with a pleasure equal to mine, when the widow's tears have been dried by my solicitude and exertions, and the countenance of her helpless orphans decorated with grateful smiles?

Joyfully to Montgomery do I relinquish the advantages of fortune. Blest, as I am, with competence and health, I envy not the man who can purchase every luxury, if they are to be obtained at the expense of humanity. Different occupations, as I observed, had separated us: Business and inclination brought us together a few days ago; and those who have felt the delight of being re-united to an object

long esteemed, may form some idea of the refined pleasure which this meeting must have inspired.

A mutual interchange of ideas arose from this intercourse: the conversation of Montgomery afforded me infinite delight; yet, much as I admired the brilliancy of his understanding, I sought in vain for philanthropy, and sensibility of mind. The most perfect rectitude marked Montgomery's conduct; but Prudence drew a line, beyond which Feeling never tempted him to go: the misfortunes of life he considered as the effect of imprudence, and he suffered them not to make any impression upon his heart. Expressing sentiments like these, and condemning what he termed a weakness in my conduct, we strayed by the side of the New River, until the deep sound of St. Paul's announced the hour of ten; for the soft rays of the moon had so completely illumined the surrounding prospects, that we had not an idea of the lateness of the hour. Turning abruptly round, with the intention of directing our steps homeward, my observation was attracted towards a young man, who appeared absorbed in the deepest grief: a groan of despair burst from his afflicted bosom; and raising his eyes towards heaven, he dropped suddenly upon his knees.

I thought sorrow so sincere, too sacred for interruption. In a whispering voice, I requested Montgomery not to move; but scarcely had I made this request to him, when the object of my compassion suddenly arose, and, in a moment of phrenzy and desperation, plunged headlong into the stream. In spite of my friend's intreaties, I stripped off my coat and waistcoat, and precipitated myself into the tide; and happily preserved the unfortunate man's life. Dragging him half lifeless to the shore, I unbuttoned his collar: the miniature of a beautiful female was suspended from his neck; and opening his eyes, he faintly demanded why I had preserved an existence insupportable to himself.

By

By every soothing argument which religion and feeling could furnish me with, I endeavoured to reconcile this victim of misfortune to a love of life. I then discovered that Poverty, griping Poverty, had been the cause of this rash action; and that the picture at his bosom was the representative of his wife. To save her from the knowledge of this act of desperation, I advised him to go to a neighbouring public house, for the purpose of drying his clothes; and representing to the people, that he had fallen into the river by accident, no suspicion of the real truth arose.

"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," is a precept which had been impressed upon my mind even from a youth; and though I resolved to do every thing in my power to promote the future comfort of the man whose existence I had lengthened, I did not choose to make Montgomery acquainted with my design. In giving the unfortunate object my card, I had slipped a five pound note into his hand with it, requesting him to call upon me at ten o'clock on the following morning.

"I could almost fancy there was a fatality in human events," said Montgomery, as we took leave of the being whom I had reconciled to life; "for there certainly was something extraordinary in our lengthening our walk to an hour unusually late; and if I find the man *deserving* of my friendship, I shall certainly bestow a few pounds upon him."

"And whilst (I replied) you are investigating the merits or demerits of this hapless being, in all probability his wife, and unfortunate family, may perish. That cold phlegmatic precaution, that fear of being imposed upon, which seems to stop the current of benevolence in your heart, is so foreign to every feeling in my nature, that I am even astonished that characters so opposite could ever have been friends."

"Our feelings, (rejoined Montgomery,) Frank, ought never to mislead our judgment; neither ought charity to flow in an unrestrained stream; for indiscriminate

criminate benevolence is injurious to society, by putting virtue upon a level with vice. The man you have rescued from a watery grave, may be an amiable character; yet, that he possesses no high ideas of moral rectitude, has certainly been proved, or he would not have presumed to rush into the presence of his Maker merely because poverty and misfortune were his lot."

Impressed by the force of these observations, I began to reflect whether I had not acted imprudently, in bestowing the sum of five pounds, without knowing the particular history of the being in whose welfare I had felt so much interest and concern. Morning, however, brought me the sweet consolation of knowing that my charity had not been bestowed in vain; for the following letter was presented to me a short time after I arose.

"*To* FRANCIS D———, *Esq.*

"That there are situations, Sir, in which language is incapable of expressing the feelings, is at the present moment completely proved: in vain do I seek for words to describe the various emotions which, whilst I am addressing you, animate my heart.

"Oh! my preserver, my friend, my benefactor! by what name shall I address you, to prove the gratitude of my soul? Or how shall I attempt to convince you, that I am not altogether unworthy of the charity you bestowed! To my most unbounded candour you are entitled; though there is nothing remarkably eventful in my life. I am the son of a clergyman, and was left under the guardianship of an uncle, who was blest with too amiable, and too captivating a child. Brought up together from an early period, we loved; nor knew the strength of the passion which had touched our hearts, until my Louisa was commanded by her father to accept the hand of a man she disliked.

"Then

"Then it was that conviction flashed upon our imaginations, and exposed at once the situation of our hearts. My Louisa pleaded her aversion to the man whom her father had selected; but indignant was his rage, and inexorable his designs. Flight, and a private marriage, immediately presented themselves, as the only means of preventing a sacrifice which filled my very soul with dread; and we were united by those bonds which parental authority could never separate; though they have brought down misery and poverty on our heads.

"The most humiliating penitence only produced curses and execrations. I was haunted by my father-in-law like an evil spirit; for if industry and application procured a temporary removal of poverty, his malice pursued me with the vindictive persecutions of a fiend. To expatiate upon his various cruelties, would fill volumes: suffice it to say, that, at length, they completely deprived me of bread; and I had the misery of beholding my Louisa, and her helpless infants, actually starving, through the vile insinuations of her own parent.

"Imagination presented to me, that if I was no longer in existence, the inveterate malice of her father would cease; and I took the fatal resolution of terminating a life, which, in the moments of despair, I considered as a curse. The horror which I now feel, will, I hope, in some measure, atone for the iniquity of the action. You, Sir, I consider as the restorer of my temporal and eternal peace; for you not only rescued me from perdition, but blessed me with the means of preserving my Louisa's life.

"Could the affluent but know the poignant stings of poverty—could they but behold the unfeeling insolence which is shewn to misfortune and distress—surely they would deprive themselves of some few luxurious elegancies, to bless the children of Adversity!

"An

"An attic chamber has long been the abode of my beloved Louisa, for which I agreed to pay four shillings a week; but, unable to obtain any employment, I could not fulfil the engagement which I had made; and not finding me return home at the usual time of the evening, my unfeeling landlord imagined I had ran away, and, with all the brutality which the law permitted him over a helpless female, he took possession of my Louisa's and her children's clothes.

"Three pounds was the amount of the debt we had contracted. I arrived at the moment that the mercenary wretches were seizing our little all, and, with the generous proof of your benevolence, instantly paid the whole of the sum which we owed. My beloved wife had been too much agitated by the savage treatment she had met with, to remain any longer under the same roof; and, late as was the hour, I was under the necessity of taking her to a neighbouring inn, which might more properly be termed a public-house; and from this abode of noise I am now addressing my benefactor.

"Sensible, Sir, as I am, of the obligations you have already conferred upon me, I blush at the bare idea of appearing to trespass upon such undeserved kindness; yet, as Providence seemed to have sent you to my deliverance at such an awful moment, why should I hesitate to express the sanguine wishes of my heart.

"The mercantile line is that in which I was educated; and in that, it is probable, you may either have interest or concern. May I then venture to hope that you will interest yourself in my favor? To say that I should feel grateful for such an indulgence, is but faintly expressing the emotions of my heart: place yourself but one moment in my situation, and then reflect upon the obligation that must be due to the man who procured a beloved wife and children a means of subsistence.

"I will

"I will do myself the honor of calling in Finsbury-Square to-morrow morning; until when, I remain, with every sentiment of gratitude,

"Your devoted humble servant,

"FREDERICK COXLEY."

The perusal of Coxley's letter was a confutation of Montgomery's arguments. How did I bless my stars, that no cold precaution had induced me to delay giving him the five pounds! Rushing into his apartment, I presented the unsealed packet to him, exclaiming, "Did ever any premeditated act of charity afford transports like mine? What, my dear friend, might have been the fate of that wretched family, had I even waited to make the inquiries which policy might suggest? May the warm sentiments of philanthropy ever influence my conduct, without waiting to discriminate the *real* from *imaginary* distress! Yet do not suppose that I would lavish away sums of any consequence, without knowing whether the object on whom I bestowed them, was worthy; but a few *shillings*, or a few *pounds*, can never materially injure me; and how much satisfaction may be lost even by a few hours delay! I am in want of an assisting clerk in my counting-house; and I shall certainly not place Coxley in that situation, without making strict inquiries into his mode of life; but if I find, as I do not doubt I shall, that he is deserving, I shall offer him a salary that will at least enable him to procure comforts for his family."

Montgomery seemed to feel the force of my observation. "In this *one instance*, Frank, (said he,) I acknowledge you have acted right: but, to prove that I have been imposed upon by specious appearances, I will, at a future period, give you the history of my life: you will then allow that I *ought* to act precautiously; for no man has been more completely duped than myself."

A DREAM.

A DREAM.

THE last evening, according to appointment, I spent at Lady W——'s; with a party of about fifty persons: it passed as most such visits do, in bows, curtsies, smiles, &c. and as for conversation, we had abundance of *information* relative to the *weather*; a most fortunate topic, in which stupidity can never fail of shining equally with distinguished abilities. I sauntered about, from casino to whist, and returned from whist to casino. From my unconquerable aversion to cards, I am distinguished, with a few others, as *live lumber:* therefore, when etiquette no longer required my presence, I made my exit, in hopes of enjoying those reflections in solitude, which a crowd deprived me of. But my imagination still reverted to the scenes I had quitted. Great casino, cards, honors, and, at intervals, Mrs. G——'s gown, Mrs. T——'s flirtation, Buonaparte, the Prince, the Bishop of London, sharp-shooters, &c. still rung in my ears. Wearied with this confusion, I sought on my pillow that tranquillity which was denied to my waking hours—but in vain. Mab, the wonder-working Queen, roused my imagination, and conveyed me to the scene I had quitted; only the party was much more numerous. Card-tables appeared in every direction; and my eyes were dazzled with the glare of tapers, and the superb decorations of this wonderful mansion. I gazed, surprised and bewildered, around me; no one seemed disengaged but myself: those few who were not playing, were anxiously waiting for the happy moment, when they might have their share of the superlative pleasure of cutting, shuffling and dealing those magic pasteboards, which conveyed pleasure, or disappointment, as the blind Goddess decreed. In the midst of my reflections on the best mode of making my escape, I felt a gentle tap on the shoulder; when in

my ears sounded the words, "Maria! what dost thou here? Thy good Genius had sought thee long before he looked into the Temple of Folly for thee." An involuntary shuddering seized me. "Tremble not, (said he,) while I am with thee: my power can protect thy inexperience, even in this place. To all, but thee, I am invisible: therefore attend, and improve the present moment to thy future advantage. This is ostensibly the Temple of Folly; but, in reality, the altars are dedicated to Avarice, as may readily be discovered, from the quantity of yellow and white metal which is offered up as incense to that insatiable power. Mark that figure, so earnestly engaged in arranging and receiving the numerous guests—that is Folly in *propriâ personâ*: how admirably are her flowing robes adapted to display the flightiness of her mind! Caprice, inconsistency, and want of policy, (or delicacy,) is visible in every fold and intended ornament. After this, I scarcely need say, that to her we are indebted for many of the prevailing fashions of the present day. But though Folly makes so conspicuous a figure here, Avarice is the first power. The earnest eager looks of the players, denote them the votaries of that narrow-souled Deity. But though his soul is contracted, his sway is astonishing: he is unquestionably the greatest mechanical genius of the age. Observe more minutely those figures you take for men and women; you discover not the least defect in their appearance; but, in reality, they are mere automatons. Folly first formed them to the hands of Avarice, when he conceived the mighty design of the numberless springs, wheels, and wires, that are necessary to the management of such exquisite machinery. Who can forbear admiring the ingenuity of a mechanic, that can so exquisitely imitate nature, as to be continually mistaken for it! By nice observers only, are they distinguished from rational beings. While under the direction of Folly, they learn to dress, play, flirt, and all the

numerous

numerous et ceteras of the beau monde; and from the influence of Avarice, they have the power of expressing those passions which are peculiarly subject to his power. In one instance we detect them—they are entirely deficient in that sparkling intelligence that denotes a mind. Folly has gifted them with pertness, and a certain *degagée* manner, as substitutes for ease and elegance. Ah, Temple of Destruction! fly from it, ye youths! fly from it, Maria, before thou art decoyed by Folly, or enthralled by Avarice." With eager haste I endeavoured to obey his command; but the fascinations of Folly for a short time arrested my progress, when my friendly conductor cried so loud in my ear, "Beware of the seductions of Folly!" that my senses returned, and with pleasure I found myself safe in my own chamber. O ye guardians and protectors of youth! to you it belongs to speak loudly in the ears of those under your inspection, "Beware of the seductions of Folly."—"A youth of Folly, an old age of Cards"—says an admired writer. But what is to be expected of youth, whose amusement, whose delight is card-playing? it must be the utter subversion of those principles and feelings, which can render us amiable, or merit the character of rational beings. Books, from which the young may learn experience without danger, are too dull for the card-player; and those elegant amusements, music and drawing, are little relished by those whose minds are vitiated by the fascinations of cards. In fact, those feelings which are peculiarly calculated to form the taste to a sense of the beauties of either, will be deadened, or lost, by the contamination. Avarice has generally been considered as the vice of old age; but cards are adapted to nourish it to a most alarming height, at a very early period of life; and where Avarice has dominion in the mind, the social virtues, which refine and elevate the soul above the selfish, venal, interested crowd, are repressed. The tears of the orphan

flow unregarded, and the sighs of the unhappy are unheard, by those who consider self as the object of their idolatry. To carry the subject to a still more serious point: when we are called to that awful tribunal, where each must give an account of his actions, how, as rational beings, and Christians, can we atone for the time so wretchedly mis-spent? We must not say lost; for each moment must be accounted for: what a terrible reflection to the triflers of the age! Oh, think, before it be too late, that time is the most precious gift we can receive, if rightly employed: but time mis-spent, will condemn us in the eyes of God and the world, and will justify the punishment we shall draw down upon us.

MARIA MENLY.

AN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

SHALL the harp, which, led by fancy, has sung the praise of numbers, be silent and dumb at the tomb of Friendship?——No, my Eliza, thy praise shall be sounded. Though I tremble with grief, yet the harp shall be strung ——Slow and solemn shall the harmony be, to suit the sad feelings of my soul: —for we were friends in the morning of our days, when the bright sunshine of Prosperity illumined our paths, and Pleasure smiled more gaily at our approach. Then the care of Adversity was far from our dwelling, and the dark clouds of Suspicion had not surrounded us.——Thou, my friend, wast lovely as the beams of the morning; bright as the noon; yet soft as the gentle twilight of the evening.—— Alas! thou art fallen!—thou art laid low!—even in the loveliness of youth, thou art laid low!—thou art descended to the darksome tomb; thou abidest in the narrow house: keen blows the blast round thy dwelling, and damp falls the rain on thy bed; yet unheard is the howling wind of winter, and unfelt the cold drops of heaven—Thou art unconscious—Gentle spirit, thou restest in peace! MARIA MENLY.

Reflections upon Conjugal Infelicity,
WITH
Remarks upon a Practice which is now obsolete,
In a Letter to the Editor.

Mr. Editor,

IT has frequently been asserted by the intelligent and observing, that the happiness of mankind increases in proportion to the polish and politeness of the age; or, in other words, that a cultivated understanding is the foundation on which a man ought to build his hopes of domestic bliss. How far this hypothesis has a right to obtain credit, can only be in the power of positive facts to prove; and though I am ready to allow, that the present age is more enlightened than the preceding one, I do not believe that a greater portion of happiness falls to the lot of mankind.

Happiness is a term of so comprehensive a nature, that it is scarcely possible to be defined; for that which constitutes one man's felicity, would afford another neither pleasure or delight. To expatiate fully, therefore, upon a subject so completely diversified, would appear as ridiculous, as to attempt explaining why one man's disposition is volatile, or another's grave. I shall, therefore, merely confine my remarks to the most interesting part of human happiness; namely, that which is to be derived from the conjugal state.

The period of courtship is allowed to be the happiest which we can experience: each party then is desirous to please; and if any little disputes occur, the pain occasioned by them, is compensated by the interesting renewal of tenderness and love. But it has been asserted, (and perhaps with truth,) that the husband and lover are different beings; the very character of the man seems to undergo a change;

and, instead of that uniform complaisance which the disappointed female had expected, she finds herself compelled to study her lord's wishes or caprice.

If a knowledge of the world is absolutely necessary for one sex, a perfect acquaintance with mankind is no less essential for the other; and to that total ignorance of real characters in which they are educated, is to be attributed many of the evils which they are compelled to endure. The young women of the present age form their opinions from novels, and expect their husbands to be angels rather than men: and, without allowing for the effects which the cares of a family, or the crosses of business, may produce upon the temper, fancy themselves miserable, because they expected to have been blest.

It is the duty of all those who intend entering into the marriage state, to study well the disposition of the object who excites their regard; for if in essential points there should be a total want of similarity, what right have they to expect the enjoyment of domestic bliss? It is in the expression of our feelings, in the communication of our opinions, and in the interchange of ideas, that we derive heartfelt pleasure and delight; yet how is it possible for us to obtain this gratification, unless we communicate them to a congenial mind?

The sympathetic author of the Sentimental Journey, tells us, he could even become attached to inanimate objects, if they were familiar to his sight; but those who have made any observation upon the caprices of human nature, must allow, that different feelings will actuate the bosom of the uncongenial man and wife. The daily intercourse which takes place, so far from calling forth affection, excites indifference, if it does not produce disgust; and each secretly laments having entered into an engagement, which death alone is able to dissolve.

Doctor Johnson, in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale upon the subject of marriage, says, "that he believes there

there would be fewer unhappy ones, if the Lord Chancellor had the power of uniting each pair according to their characters and circumstances, without either being permitted to have a choice of their own." As far as character and circumstances depend, the Doctor's opinion is incontrovertible; though I believe few men would be inclined to cherish an affection for a woman who was forced into his arms; for compulsion of every kind is so obnoxious to human nature, that from mere opposition each party would rebel.

To minds of sensibility, there can be no medium in the marriage station; it must either be productive of happiness or misery; at least, as far as we are permitted in this world to enjoy it, where the cup of life was never drank unmixed. That there are some phlegmatic souls, incapable of affection, does not admit of a doubt, who pass through existence in a dull state of uniformity, unloving, and deservedly unloved. To such, similarity of disposition can be of little consequence; for they rub on in a joyless state of apathy; few things are capable of imparting pleasure to their bosoms, and still fewer have the power of giving them pain.

That domestic unhappiness is unfortunately a growing evil, not merely attached to the higher ranks of life, daily experience too plainly evinces; and to interest, and false education, the cause is to be ascribed. Even amongst the inferior orders of society, how seldom do we hear of affection forming Hymen's bonds! for if one of the parties is not in absolute possession of a little property, they have expectations from a wealthy uncle or aunt. Thus we see the folly of the great imitated by the little, not only in the articles of dress and expense, but in the most important engagement which it is in the power of a human being to make.

It is an observation made by one of the sacred writers, "That the fashion of this world passeth away;" but it

it is doubtful to me, whether those which succeed them, are likely to prove equally productive of the happiness of mankind. I have been induced to make this remark, from the discontinuance of a practice which was formerly observed in this part of the world, and which certainly acted as a stimulus upon the inferior order of society, and must have been attended with a beneficial effect. The custom I allude to, is that of presenting a flitch of bacon to the happy pair who can make oath that they have lived in perfect harmony for a twelvemonth and a day, which was presented to them by the Lord of the Manor of Little Dunmow, in Essex, in the abbey church, which is now in a great measure decayed. Mr. Brookes, in his Gazetteer, says, the practice was discontinued, from its being attended with a very great expense; but how he can have fallen into this error, it is difficult to conceive. From being upon the spot, and having seen some of the ancient inhabitants of Dunmow, I had flattered myself I should have discovered the real cause; but the only probable reason I can assign for the abolition of the practice, is, that the number of persons, who assembled from various parts to see the ceremony, proved injurious to the corn.

This evil, however, might easily have been remedied, by presenting the gift in September instead of June; for whatever custom has the power of calling forth the social affections, is of too much consequence to the happiness of individuals to fall into disuse. In what year this ceremony was originally instituted, appears not to be accurately known; but Fitz-Walter was the name of the first donor of the Bacon; and the persons who received it, were to take the following oath, kneeling upon two sharp stones.

I swear, by the custom of our confession,
That I never made a nuptial transgression;
Nor, since we were made man and wife,
By household brawls, or contentious strife,
Otherwise in bed, or board,
Offended each other, in deed, or in word;

Or since the parish clerk, said, amen,
Have wish'd ourselves *unmarried* again;
And for a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not, in thought or way;
But continued true in our desire,
As when we joined hands in the holy choir.
And to these conditions, without all fear,
Of our own accord we freely swear,
That we have a right the bacon to receive,
And will bear it hence, with your love, and good leave.

Previous, however, to this singular oath being taken, a jury of six men, and six maidens, assembled in the abbey church, for the purpose of hearing, from the friends of the parties, whether they really deserved the reward. If, from the accounts they received, the happy pair were thought worthy of this honor, they were then chaired in the true electioneering style, preceded by the clergyman, the Lord of the Manor, &c. &c. and the reward of conjugal felicity borne before them upon a high pole.

The first claim which was made upon the Lord of the Manor of Dunmow, was in the twenty-sixth year of Henry the Sixth's reign; and the last who received it, was a woolcomber, of the name of Shakeshanks, in 1751.

Time, that destroyer of human ingenuity, has laid his iron hand upon this celebrated church, which still, however, bears the remains of its original magnificence; though every part, but one cloister, has mouldered into dust; notwithstanding which, it answers the purpose of assembling the humble inhabitants, to offer up their devotions; and the reflecting few, may there behold the wreck of human grandeur, and be taught to place their hopes of happiness in a better and more durable world.

The ancient priory of Little Dunmow has led me from my original subject; but, in mentioning the flitch of bacon, I could not pass over the once noble building

building in which it was received; and simple as was the reward bestowed upon conjugal affection, yet it excited social happiness, and received the meed of praise.

If the intelligent deserve applause, for endeavouring to improve the understandings of the unenlightened, the man certainly does not deserve less, who tries to promote the domestic happiness of mankind; for to every evil, except that of conjugal infelicity, Hope cheers us with the prospect of future repose. But how pitiable must be the state of those ill-assorted couples, whom interest and convenience have united for life; whose tastes and inclinations are as completely opposite as the jarring elements; who pass their days in apathy and indifference, in contention and strife!

Mrs. More, in her Strictures upon Female Education, ascribes domestic infelicity to the love of dissipation which prevails, particularly among the higher orders of society, whom she accuses of making it the grand business of life. Though it may be thought presumptuous to differ from so celebrated an author, I am inclined to consider an unbounded fondness for dissipation, rather as an effect, than a cause; for when happiness is not to be found at home, how natural is it to imagine, that the discontented pair will seek it abroad?

To *bear*, and *forbear*, is absolutely necessary: even in the common intercourse of society, this rule must be attended to; but how much more attentively ought it to be observed by persons who have entered into an engagement which death alone can dissolve! This subject would admit of a much more ample discussion; but I am aware that sufficient has already been said, to point out the happiness which may be derived from each party studying the disposition of the other, before they enter into the marriage state.

P. M.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

YOU have professed to dedicate your Work to the purpose of "stemming, as far as possible, the overwhelming tide of corruption; especially as it operates to the degradation of female manners;" and it is not my design to accuse you, or your respected correspondents, of ever losing sight of this important object; yet I think an occasion of expressing a becoming indignation against a most indecent and pernicious practice, was lost by the biographer who presented us with the late memoir of Mrs. Jordan. With your permission, therefore, I will endeavour, however feebly, to supply what I conceive to be wanting, in order to render that memoir altogether suitable to the avowed design of your Museum.

Lest I should be suspected of spleen or vapours, I will assure you, that I am no enemy to the stage; but think a well-regulated theatre affords the highest gratification among whatever comes under the denomination of amusements; and hold the professors of the scenic art, who "contribute to the stock of harmless pleasure," in the estimation due to their respective talents; and think them intitled to the same degree of respectability, for any virtue or good qualities they possess, as the other classes in society.

But to the point: because, forsooth, in those parts which Nature teaches should be concealed, Mrs. Jordan is formed more in a masculine mould than most of her sex, she must needs make a public display of those limbs in a masculine dress. It is true, this indecency had been practised before in a small degree, by actresses of the most profligate characters —Mrs. Woffington's playing the part of Sir Harry Wildair, and Colley Cibber's coarse jest on that occasion, are too well known to need repeating here; and a few other instances might be found: but the

lady

lady first mentioned, has done it with a degree of frequency, and carried it to an excess, beyond any or all former examples; so that matters are brought to such a pass, that an actress from the country, soon after her arrival in London, is expected to treat the town rakes with a view of her limbs in a close male habit, which gives them a view of the exact turn of the shape, as complete as if seen without any habit at all; and we now hear the terms *nude, nudity,* and such like, familiarly used in conversation, which a short time ago, no man, who wished to preserve a place in respectable society, would have ventured to pronounce in mixed company, or before ladies learned enough to know the meaning of the words. How far Mrs. Jordan's example may have contributed to this, or to the present fashionable style in dress, or rather *undress,* is not easy to determine; but it is not difficult to conceive the influence, however imperceptible, which has been produced on women in general, by frequenting the theatre, where one of their own sex is exposed, as just mentioned, to the eager gaze of the voluptuous, and by hearing their remarks. Can we wonder that our females thus weaken, by degrees, the delicate feeling Nature has impressed on the young blushing maid, on any accidental exposure of her person, to which the shrinking of the sensitive plant has so often been compared?—Need we be surprized, if, at length, we see them issue forth, old and young, matrons and virgins, and crowd the streets clad in a way that common prostitutes could not have been induced to do a few years ago?

It is surely in the recollection of the mothers of the present race of beauties, with what care they were taught, not only not to expose the *limbs,* but parts of their *dress;* how, on washing-days, in the country, when the family linen was exhibited on the line or hedge, these were kept within doors, or spread on the grass in the most retired part of the garden—how these——what?——Can it be that the indig-

nant satirist finds a repugnance in his mind, to expose names on paper, of things which women, who would be accounted modest, seem to glory in displaying, together with their persons, to the eyes of men in public?——So far from the delicacy formerly observed in family management being attended to, we cannot now pass along the roads, without beholding every part of a woman's dress playing in the wind in the most ludicrous forms; and, instead of the boys and men belonging to the family being guarded against, men are employed as assistants to washer-women.

Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Congreve, remarking on Collier's attack upon the language of the theatre, observes, "Those passages which, while they stood single, had passed with little notice, when they were accumulated, and exposed together, excited horror; the wise and the pious caught the alarm, and the nation wondered why it had so long suffered irreligion and profaneness to be taught at the public charge."

The progress in national corruption of manners, is like the progress of vice in an individual; the most hardened villain existing was, certainly, once an innocent babe, probably a harmless boy; and, it is possible, a tolerably inoffensive young man. As, at that period of his life, he would have stood aghast with horror, could some prophetic vision have presented him with an image of what he is now actually become, so repentance and amendment must arise, if they ever do arise, from a compunctious comparison of his present self with what he once was: in like manner, a short review of the progress towards licentiousness in the appearance of women at our theatres, might excite the same horror in the nation, as Johnson mentions in the passage just quoted.

It is a well known fact, that the Ophelia, Rosalind, Miranda, &c. of Shakespeare, were originally performed by boys. At that time, the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the manners of the kingdom had not suggested the idea of the bashfulness of

women being so far overcome, as to appear on the boards of a theatre, in the most modest characters; nor could the audience have tolerated the archness of Rosalind, had they conceived a real female was hid under the disguise: a relish for the playfulness of her wit, would have been taken away by amazement at the woman who uttered it. The merry apology made for some delay in the performance, when Charles the Second was at the play, that "the Queen was getting shaved," shews that, even in that licentious reign, the parts assigned to women were occasionally performed by men.

Do not think, Mr. Editor, that I have any wish to see the reign of shaven Queens return—Since women, combining the necessary talents and courage, are at length produced among us, let us not be deprived of such an ornament to the stage; of what is so essential to give the theatre its highest charm of being a representation of nature. But, for Virtue's, for Decency's sake, let us stop here. What would our ancestors, who sat contentedly to see the mere outward garments of a female hung on a man's shoulders, to give a little appearance of reality to the scene, have thought, could they have foreseen that a time would come, when not only those female ornaments would actually inclose a woman, but that having once introduced her on the stage, they would then proceed to tear off her proper habiliments, and exhibit her person in a form more voluptuous than nakedness itself? that there should be a nation of fathers and mothers, their own descendants, who would sit at a play, training their sons to contemplate women in such a form, and accustoming their daughters to think it a light thing for women to be thus exhibited to the eyes of men?

Johnson, to the passage already quoted, adds, "After ten years controversy, comedy became more modest; and Collier lived to see the reward of his labour in the Reformation of the Theatre." But, how reformed? The language of plays is greatly refined,

fined, it is true; but the representation is debased in proportion. Our ear is more chaste, but our eye more impure: we cannot endure the sound, but admit the sight. An inuendo, or most distant allusion to obscenity, would be exploded with groans and hisses, while the very things themselves, of which the mention cannot be tolerated, are calmly viewed by all ranks, ages, and relations, of both sexes; parents and children, brothers and sisters, and that in the presence of each other: yet so far is this state of the Theatre from "exciting horror," that, could Collier himself come again among us, his horror would, indeed, be great, but it would be all his own: no parent shudders at the consequences of supporting the Theatre, to the utter extinction of every fine and moral feeling, which forms the chaste daughter, the delicate sister, the modest wife, and honored matron.

W. J.

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

TIME is never more mispent, than while we declaim against the want of it; all our actions are then tinctured with peevishness. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that is passed in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up to the reciprocation of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small, of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease, or happiness, are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

THE HERMITESS OF NORTH SALEM,

IN AMERICA.

WHEN the train of human events appears to deviate from its wonted course, and becomes productive of characters altogether new and unexampled, it has a claim on the world to be perpetuated. An instance of this kind, where nature has appeared surprisingly to wander from its wonted operations, is displayed in the character and manner of life exhibited by a certain female in the vicinity of North Salem, in America. We often hear of men, from various motives, preserving a life of solitude in some gloomy cavern of the earth; but to find one of the fair sex immured in a cave, wholly secluded from human society, is a true phenomenon. Acquainted with all their delicacy of body, their natural timidity of mind, their loquacity of temper, and their inordinate love of seeing, and being seen; to find them forsaking all human society for the dreary haunts of savage beasts, appears, when related, too romantic to gain belief. Yet the reader may rely on the sequel, as a simple narrative of facts.

Sarah Bishop (which is the name of this hermitess) is a person of about fifty years of age. About thirty years ago, she was a lady of considerable beauty, a competent share of mental endowments, and education: she was possessed of a handsome fortune; but she was of a tender and delicate constitution, and enjoyed but a low degree of health, and could be hardly comfortable without constant recourse to medicine and careful attendance; and was often heard to say, that she had no dread of any animal on earth but man. Disgusted with them, and consequently with the world, about twenty-three years ago, she withdrew herself from all human society, and in the bloom of life resorted to the mountains which divide Salem from North Salem; where she has spent her days

days to the present time, in a cave, or rather cleft of a rock, withdrawn from the society of every living creature. Two gentlemen, of the name of Smith, of North Salem, went into the mountains to visit this surprising hermitage; and the portrait they have given of it, is contained in the following lines.

"As you pass the southern and most elevated ridge of the mountain, and begin to descend the southern steep, you meet with a perpendicular descent of a rock of about ten feet, in the front of which is a cave. At the foot of this rock is a gentle descent of rich and fertile ground, extending about ten rods, when it instantly forms a frightful precipice, descending about half a mile to the pond, known by the name of Long Pond.

"On the right and left of this fertile ground, the mountain rises in cliffs, and almost incloses it, being a square of about one half acre. In the front of the rock on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground, there appears to be a large frustum of the rock, of a double fathom size, thrown out of the rock by some unknown convulsion of nature, and lies in front of the cavity from whence it was rent, partly inclosing the mouth, and forming a room of the same dimensions with the frustum itself: the rock is left entire above, and forms the roof of this humble mansion.

"This cavity is the habitation of the hermitess, in which she has spent twenty-three of her best years, self-excluded from all human society. She keeps no domesticated animal, not even a fowl, a cat, or a dog. Her little plantation, consisting of one half acre, is cleared of its wood, and reduced to grass, but she makes little use of it, excepting that she has raised a few peach trees on it; and she plants yearly a few hills of beans, cucumbers, and potatoes. The whole plat is surrounded with a luxuriant growth of grape-vines, which overspread all the surrounding wood;

and produce grapes in the greatest abundance. On the opposite side of this little tenement, or cave, is a fine fountain of excellent water, which issues from this side of the mountain, and loses itself in this little place.

"At this fountain we found the wonderful woman, whose appearance it is a little difficult to describe: indeed, like nature in its first state, she was without form; that is, she appeared in no form or position we had ever seen before: her dress appeared little else but one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, which obscured any human shape, excepting her head, which was cloth-ed with a luxuriancy of lank grey hair, depending on every side, just as nature and time had formed it, wholly devoid of any artificial covering or orna-ment.

"When she had discovered our approach, she ex-hibited the appearance of any other wild and timid animal. She started, looked wild, hastened with the utmost precipitation to her cave, which she entered, and barricadoed the entrance with old shells, which she pulled from the decayed tree. To this humble mansion we approached; and, after some conversa-tion with her, we obtained liberty to remove the pallisadoes, and look in; for we were not able to en-ter, the room being only sufficient to accommodate a single person. We conversed with her for some considerable time, found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and to be entirely happy and contented with her situation; of this she has given to others repeated demonstration, who have in vain solicited her to quit this dreary abode. We saw no utensil, either for labour or cookery, except-ing an old pewter bason, and a gourd-shell; no bed, but the solid rock, unless it were a few old rags, scattered here and there upon it; no bed-clothes of any kind; nor the least appearance of any sort of food; and no fire. She had, indeed, a place in one

corner of her cell, where she kindles a fire at times; but it does not appear that any fire had been kindled there for some time. To confirm this opinion, a gentleman says that he passed her cell five or six days after the great fall of snow in the beginning of March last, that she had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave since the snow had fallen. How she subsists during the severe seasons is yet a mystery. She says, she eats but little flesh of any kind, and it is difficult to imagine how she is supported through the winter season. In the summer she subsists on the berries, nuts, and roots, which the mountains afford. It may be, that she secretes her winter store in some other fissure in the rock, more convenient for that purpose than the cell she inhabits.

"She keeps a bible with her, and says, she takes much satisfaction, and spends much time, in reading in it, and meditating therein. It may be, this woman is a sincere worshipper of God; if so, she is yet more rich, wise, and happy, than thousands in affluence and honour, who behold her with astonishment and scorn. At any rate, from this humble, yet astonishing page of human nature, we read a most interesting lecture on the human heart. It was the peculiar state of this woman's heart which drove her to forsake the society of man, and led her to this solitary mansion. The peculiar relish of the human heart will embrace solitude, dishonour, deformity, and death itself, for happiness, whilst its antipathies can embitter a paradise of joy. Reason has no power against its influence; it is not the energy of science, but a heart forced to a wise, decent, and useful life, that must regenerate the world."

New York,
Nov. 13, 1804.

Singular

Singular Instance of Gratitude in a Black Servant.

DOCTOR L——, a gentleman of great respectability, from the persecution of his enemies, and the delays of law, had been confined to one of our metropolitan prisons for many years, while his fortune was withheld from him, until his affairs were terminated. During this distressing procrastination, Poverty had laid her fast and fatal grasp on his finances: and he was under the necessity of declaring to his servant, that penury compelled them to part, however repugnant to his feelings; for he could no longer keep himself, such were his pecuniary difficulties. HONEST BOB, by which name his black servant was distinguished, replied, with all the zeal of uncontaminated simplicity, "No, Massa, we will never part! Many years have you kept me, and now me will keep you!" This honest fellow absolutely went into the neighbouring gardens to work, and faithfully brought home his wages every week, by which means he sustained his master and himself, until the decision of one of his actions, by which his master obtained an award of thirty thousand pounds; and, to the honour of humanity, immediately settled on his servant for life, an annuity of two hundred pounds.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT-GARDEN.

February 16th.

THIS Evening a new Play, from the elegant pen of Mrs. INCHBALD, was performed. It is entitled, *To Marry, or not to Marry*, from a strong aversion against matrimony, which constitutes the leading *trait* in the hero of the piece, and produces the whole interest of the plot.

The characters, which are few in number, but all essential, were thus represented:

Lord

Lord Danberry, - - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Sir Oswyn Mortland, -	Mr. KEMBLE.
Mr. Willowear, - - -	Mr. FARLEY.
Mr. Lavensforth, - -	Mr. COOKE.
Amos, - - - - - - -	Mr. BRUNTON.
Lady Susan Courtly, -	Mrs. GLOVER.
Mrs. Sarah Mortland, -	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Hester, - - - - - -	Miss SHUTTLEWORTH.

The opening scene presents *Sir Oswyn Mortland* in his study, and his sister, *Sarah Mortland*, endeavouring to reconcile him to a visit from *Hester Ashdale*, a beautiful young lady, whom she had invited to his house. She has scarcely succeeded in this purpose, when *Mr. Willowear* arrives, and claims *Hester* as his affianced wife. This produces an interview between her and *Sir Oswyn Mortland*, who learns that she fled his house to avoid an union contrary to her inclination. A mutual passion is the result of the interview; and *Sir Oswyn* is in the act of declaring his love, when she is summoned suddenly away to the house of her guardian, *Mr. Ashgrove*. *Sir Oswyn* insists upon attending her on the road, and in the course of the journey, he is assailed by an assassin, and wounded. In this situation, he is met by *Mr. Lavensforth*, who binds up his wounds, and leads him to his cottage. This act of humanity is scarcely performed, when *Amos*, the black servant of *Mr. Lavensforth*, arrives, and avows himself the assassin who wounded the stranger, whom he declares to be *Sir Oswyn Mortland*, the deadly foe of his master, who had returned to that neighbourhood, after a long banishment, for the sole purpose of taking away the life of *Sir Oswyn*. *Lavensforth* is intoxicated with joy at this opportunity of gratifying his revenge, and is just going to execute his guilty purpose, when his arm is arrested by the reflection, that his enemy is "wounded, and under his roof." *Hester* now appears, and in her person *Mr. Lavensforth* recognises his only daughter. She relates to her father the kindness

kindness and protection which she had received from *Sir Oswyn;* and a reconciliation ensues, which leads to her union with the Baronet. There is an underplot, in which *Lady Susan Courtly*, a modern *belle*, is introduced to place *Sir Oswyn's* ruling foible in a striking point of view, by the pains which she takes, aided by the solicitation of his uncle, *Lord Danberry*, to win his affections, and which ends in her marriage with *Mr. Willowear*, the rejected lover of *Hester*. These are the principal materials of this piece, unaided by variety of incident, and that complexity of plot, which give life and bustle to the scene, and are considered, by most modern authors, necessary to striking effect, and the prevailing taste of the town. It does not affect to be a picture of modern life and manners, but bears more resemblance to a tale from a romance or a novel. Thus divested of adventitious ornament, the interest of the piece exclusively arises from the unaffected, yet sufficiently mysterious manner in which the story is unfolded, the natural flow of the dialogue, and the truth and simplicity of the sentiment. More than once, in the progress of the piece, we are ready to condemn it for immorality, as inculcating revenge, and inveighing against a married life; but the *denouement* agreeably undeceives us, and we find the object of the author was only to veil virtue under a momentary cloud, that she might produce them with more strength and brilliancy. While, however, it possesses a fair claim to purity of sentiment, to chaste and natural language, to sound morality, to a plot judiciously managed, and situations naturally produced, it cannot boast many passages of forceful interest, few that are pathetic, and still fewer that are either ludicrous or lively. The character of *Hester* is *Amanthis*, in *The Child of Nature;* or, perhaps, it resembles more nearly *Amelia Wildenhaim*, in *Lover's Vows*, divested of her spirit and vivacity; and a solemn gloom, approaching to tragic horror, is diffused over *Sir Oswyn Mortland*, and *Mr. Lavensforth*, the

the two principal characters in the piece. Mr. KEMBLE's personification of the former was ill calculated to reduce this deficiency. He paused, and paused, to such excess, as to give to the piece more the appearance of a pantomime than a play. He made an entire scene, and that not a short one, of a change from one chair to another, with only the aid of shrugs and frowns, and the manual exercise of his pocket-handkerchief. We are wrong, however, in saying that this studied solemnity added to the natural gloominess of the character, for many of his most dismal evolutions were executed in a style that excited as much laughter as the most sparkling wit. We are sorry to see Mr. KEMBLE abandon the tragic field, on which he has acquired so many laurels, to woo the comic muse, who never deigned to smile upon him, even in his youthful transports. Surely the *Young Roscius* cannot have frightened him from his favourite *Melpomene?* Some time must elapse before that wonderful boy can excel him in *Richard*, *Hamlet*, or *Shylock*. Mr. COOKE's character is of small compass, but well adapted to his manner. *Amos*, the black servant, although a sketch, was made interesting and striking, by Mr. BRUNTON; and the *Lord Danberry* of Mr. MUNDEN was as efficient, as one of the old men, considered essential in all the modern comedies, could possibly be. The only change in the cast of the play, which might be an improvement, would be the substitution of Mr. LEWIS, for Mr. FARLEY, in *Willowear*; but, any extraordinary merit in this character would, no doubt, operate to the disadvantage of the hero of the Play. Next to the piece, the novelty of the night was Miss SHUTTLEWORTH, in the character of *Hester*. The flattering promise which this young lady gave at the Brandenburgh Theatricals last season, encouraged her, we understand, to venture upon the public stage. Her friends have no reason to alter their opinion of her talents.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESS.

A Biggin of plain Muslin, Lace Border, and trimmed with pale Blue. A Round Dress of Egyptian Brown Chambray Muslin, trimmed round the Bottom with White. A Muslin Shawl tied round the Neck, and carried over the Bosom to tie behind.

FULL DRESS.

A Turban of Crimson Satin, and Lace Veil, ornamented with Pearls and Ostrich Feathers. Opera Dress of clear Muslin. Pic Nic Gloves. White Muff.

THE

MORNING DRESS. FULL DRESS.

Published March 1805 by Vernor & Hood Poultry

BRITISH MUSEUM
22 SEP 48

The Apollonian Wreath.

ADDRESS TO NIGHT.

O Night, dark Empress of the silent shade,
In simple, solemn majesty array'd,
Welcome in all the terrors of thy state,
While clouds, and storms, and darkness, on thee wait;
Or, deck'd with countless gems, that, twinkling bright,
Adorn thy sable brow with pearls of orient light.

Soon as the sun, with never-failing pace,
Displays in th' east his broad effulgent face,
Thou, like a modest matron, fleest away,
Shrouded in mists, and wrapt in shadows grey,
Till the bright Sun, from off his burning throne,
Proclaims, he rules the day, unrivall'd and alone.

But when, descended from his state on high,
His golden beams scarce tinge the western sky,
Thou com'st in humble, unassuming guise,
While day's bright phantoms vanish from our eyes;
Yet welcome! for thou bring'st along with thee
Domestic joys, and peace, and sweet felicity.

Yet oft, regardless of thy heav'nly mien,
Loud discord interrupts thy quiet scene;
Then, while thy sable curtain round is spread,
The murd'rer ventures forth his guilty head,
Unmindful, that when hid in darkest night,
His dev'lish deeds lie bare to Heav'n's all-piercing sight.

How still and peaceful thy mild reign appears,
When the day's tumult scarce has left our ears!
Sweet contrast! after such a boist'rous scene,
To view thy placid front, and brow serene;
And where we lately felt the burning ray,
To feel thy cooling breeze in gentle murmurs play.

O, sov'reign Nature, charming every hour,
Whether we feel the sun's enliv'ning pow'r,
Or, while the western sky with purple glows,
We view the calm and silent ev'ning close;
Or when, as now, in all their orders bright,
Thou light'st the fires of Heav'n to cheer the solemn night.

W. W.

MAD EDWARD.

HARK! 'tis the bell of death I hear!
Fearful it hangs upon the gale!
Sad greeting, when, my heart to cheer,
I seek my much-lov'd native vale.

Three ling'ring years have sadly fled
Since first I left fair Emma's arms:
Should I return to find her dead!
Alas! the pang my soul alarms!

Thus whisper'd fear within the youth,
A sad presentiment of woe;
Alas! it spoke with too much truth;
For Emma's cares had ceas'd below!

And as he reach'd the pious fane,
He learn'd his earliest love was dead;
He saw the mournful funeral train;
He heard the rites, and droop'd his head.

Madness has seiz'd poor Edward's mind;
No earthly friend has pow'r to save!
Goodness unbounded, ever kind,
Must give relief beyond the grave!

January 14th, 1805. J. M. L.

EPIGRAM.

TOM proudly swears he scribbles not for pelf—
His only motive is to please himself.
'Tis true, indeed—for all, who read them, own,
That Tom's productions please himself alone.

LINES

Supposed to be addressed to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, *by his Brother,* JEROME BUONAPARTE, *from America.*

DOES the great Emp'ror think the recent crown
Can make me shudder at his angry frown?
Or, that I tremble at the ermin'd vest,
The wielded sceptre, and the starry breast?
No—join'd with them who leave the vulgar plan,
I from such accidents extract the man;
And, tho' his callous heart the plea deny,
Urge a lov'd brother by the filial tie.
Let cold official letters thro' your land
To servile agents give the high command;
But vain to me are measures thus austere;
Napoleon's words alone move Jerome's ear.
What—by our hoary parents' awful shade,
What is the crime which to my charge is laid?
Is it, that Nature, as a fatal dow'r,
Gave me a soul alive to Beauty's pow'r?
With equal energy *our* passions move;
Yours to ambition bow, and *mine*—to love.
When the convulsive state's tumultuous jars,
Its chiefless people, and intestine wars,
Rous'd the strong powers of your daring mind,
As latent fires are waken'd by the wind,
Then, in your view Ambition's meteor shone,
And trac'd your gory path to Gallia's throne.
Warm with the impulse Nature's fiat gave,
At your command *I* cross'd th' Atlantic wave,
And met a virgin—blooming as the morn;
Youthful, as Hebe; as myself, well-born;
Impassion'd thrills ran o'er my glowing frame,
My blood was fire, and my soul was flame—
Ardent I woo'd, and fondly thought your voice
Would hail the lovely object of my choice.
Vain was dissent. At Hymen's hallow'd shrine,
Eliza's downy hand was join'd to mine.—
Blest, blissful day!—how vapid state parade,
To what I felt when first I clasp'd the maid!
And, think not passion, with possession, flown,
Eliza's better lov'd, as better known:—
Each day, each hour, each moment, of my life,
Cements the ties that bind me to my wife.
And shall I quit her?—not th' imperial throne
On which you sit, could for her loss atone.

I saw the progress of your great advance,
The Gen'ral, Consul, Emperor of France;
And, tho' you frown, while thus I freely speak,
You rose by methods I should scorn to take:
Yet—greet my wife—I'll vindicate your cause—
Bleed in your battles, and enforce your laws.
Receive but her—my grateful sword shall mow
Fields of unfading laurel for your brow—
Then take my vow'd allegiance while you may,
Let not your brethren execrate your sway;
Seek not on us more galling chains t' impose,
Than the poor Indian in his thraldom knows;
He, worn with toil, and lash'd with barb'rous thongs,
Finds in his hut a solace for his wrongs,
Strains a lov'd mistress to his throbbing breast,
And lulls the sense of injury to rest.
But—mark, my brother—should his tyrant lord
Proscribe, and vilify his wife ador'd,
The fetter'd wretch, no more abject and tame,
Feels vengeance kindle at affection's flame;
Loose fall the bonds beneath his growing might;
He fires his fellows, and he heads the fight;
Around his standard each brave partner draws,
Till private wrong becomes the public cause.
O! heed the case; for know, I'll still be free—
My angel-wife shall stay, or go with me!

JEROME.

TO MY SISTER,

On her Birth-Day, 21st December, 1804, with a Pair of Bracelets.

COULD brilliant trinkets, Caroline! impart
The fond affection of a brother's heart,
How sparkling would these pearly bracelets shine!
How warmly glow, to speak such love as mine!
Nor gold, nor diamonds, nor can language tell
The sweet sensations which my bosom swell.
Oft, oft auspicious, may succeed this morn,
Whereon, I hope, to happiness was born
That form, to beauty and to virtue dear,
Whose playful smiles the coldest heart might cheer:
Long may you live! and living, still disclose
More virtuous beauties op'ning as the rose!
To earthly excellence supremely rise!
And glorious claim, at last, thy native skies!

J. J. L.

A Domestic and a Military Life contrasted.

DOMESTIC happiness—thou airy dream,
Let others sing thy praise—be thou their theme
Whose souls the hope of vict'ry never fir'd,
Whose dastard bosoms honor ne'er inspir'd;
Whose hearts with martial ardour never glow,
To rush, undaunted, on th' impetuous foe.

Count not to me the fire-side's peaceful charms,
Where brats sit puking in their nurse's arms,
Where Roger, grov'ling on the earth he tills,
With swipes and pork his o'ergrown carcase fills;
The country squire, amidst his lowing kine,
Calves bleating, cackling geese, and grunting swine,
Ducks quacking—howling dogs, and swearing cats,
The noise of hooting owls, and squalling brats,
Robb'd by his servants, scolded by his wife,
Here leads his dronish, dull, inglorious life:
Let these aspire, then, to domestic bliss—
To clowns leave such tame happiness as this!

Ah! let me live amidst dread war's alarms,
The cannon's thunder, and the din of arms;
The drum, the brazen trumpet, in mine ears
Sounds sweeter than the music of the spheres.
Tho' pain and death in ev'ry form appear,
My conscience sound—my soul shall know no fear.
What tho' I perish on th' embattled plain,
What cause for grief? or why should I complain?
'Twas for my country—it was Honor's call—
I fought, resolv'd to conquer, or to fall.
Perhaps, around my consecrated bier
Eliza, too, might shed a tender tear:
That thought would comfort yield at life's last breath,
And cheer my heart amidst the pangs of death.
Or, if a kinder lot the Fates command,
And I return to Britain's happy land,
Again I'll hail my much-lov'd native shore,
And fold Eliza in mine arms once more.

Then, if my honor'd Sov'reign shall ordain,
That I to battle shall return again,
I'll leave the maid my heart shall e'er adore,
And strive, by valor, to deserve her more.
The *brave* alone, I know, can win her heart;
To dastards no such prize will she impart.
Then let me win that prize, and I will prove
How true—how constant is the soldier's love.

Tho' from the trunk the keen-edg'd sword should part
My quiv'ring limbs—I'll keep a firm, fond heart;
Nor would I grieve, should one arm yet remain
To press Eliza to that heart again.

Jan. 3*d*, 1805. PHILOMACHUS.

CANZONET.

OFT as my raptur'd speaking eyes
Did eager gaze on thee,
When first I mark'd Love's dimples break
Upon thy rosy tinctur'd cheek,
My pleasur'd soul breath'd forth its sighs
In fervent ecstacy.

For none like thee I ever knew,
So fair thou seem'd to me;
In ev'ry look thou didst convey
Some artless smile, that seem'd to say,
That in each graceful art, but few
Could please like thee.

Yet it was not thy pleasing charms
Alone did love impart;
O, no! it was thy feeling breast,
Where soft affection's joys do rest,
Which sweetly kindled Love's alarms,
And to thee bound my heart.

Liverpool,
December, 1804. J. BOWDON.

ON HOPE.

THOU! heav'nly maid! celestial Hope!
Bidst man be timely wise;
The sorrows of this life to scorn,
And grim despair despise.

Inspir'd by thee, the hapless wretch
For daily food distrest,
Thinks Fortune may to-morrow smile,
Looks forward, hopes the best.

By thee inspir'd, the farmer toils,
Believing that his pains
A plenteous harvest will repay
In showers of golden grains.

The

The youth who long has sigh'd in vain,
With grief and love oppress,
Yet Hope his bosom still pervades,
And charms his anxious breast.

Patient the Christian, sorrow bears,
And hopes, when life is past,
Heav'n's long-sought happiness to gain,
Which shall for ever last.

Strengthen'd by thee, the martyr dies,
In flames he yields his breath,
And hopes ecstatic joys to find
Eternal after death.

May such a hope my breast inspire!
All is by Heav'n design'd:
Then whatsoe'er my fortune proves,
I'll bear a constant mind.

D. STIDOLPH.

ELEGIAC LINES

On a Female who was cut off in her Prime.

BY MR. FITCH.

NO beauteous flow'ret decks yon lonely vale,
Or scatters fragrance round the grassy tomb;
The dark yew, murmuring in the ruffian gale,
Seems to lament FIDELIA's early doom.

No sculptur'd honors emblematic rise,
Or little loves lament her loss in stone;
No polish'd marble, big with pompous lies,
Tells the struck traveller where Fidelia's gone.

Come, then, ye daughters of these favor'd Isles,
And, whilst the muse records her mournful lay,
Cease, lovely maids! your fascinating smiles;
For, ah! she sleeps beneath that vale's cold clay.

When the grim conqueror to the gloomy grave
Beauty and youth, with arm relentless sweeps,
Though not the tears of relatives can save—
Still soft Humanity—still Nature weeps.

Such

Such was Fidelia: one that liv'd unsung,
And never mov'd in Fashion's dazzling sphere;
Though now the lowliest of the rhyming throng
Pays a poor tribute to her memory dear.

Of simplest manners: at the earliest dawn,
The sweets of day's first breeze she oft inhal'd;
Or nimbly tripp'd across the dewy lawn,
Jocund and gay; but, ah! life's breeze has fail'd.

Secluded far from Dissipation's blaze,
No idle slander wanton'd in her breath—
Ye nymphs, who flirt in Folly's giddy maze,
The muse, well-pleas'd, would twine for you that wreath.

Or when Detraction plied her busy tongue,
And village scandal swiftly-circling flew,
From the dull converse of the tattling throng,
To peace, and solitude, Fidelia flew.

Oft have I seen her at the close of day,
Where yonder hazles form a verdant aisle,
Along the dusk of their embow'rments stray,
And load with music every passing gale.

Her friendship sacred, and her love sincere,
Keen Recollection murmuring prompts a sigh,
And gives the scenes, to memory ever dear,
In lasting colours to the mental eye.

The faithless friends, from smiling Fortune sprung,
All shrink delusive from her adverse gales;
Not so Fidelia, whom the muse has sung;
A FAITHFUL SPANIEL—Here my pathos fails.

Clare, Jan. 1805.

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY.

WAVE, willow, o'er the turf where Lydia's laid,
And cast around the spot Elysian shade;
For every grace and virtue here shall weep,
O'er that fair form, wrapt in Death's frozen sleep,
And Music, by her sister Painting, join'd,
Weep over her, who both their arts refin'd.
Friendship, and Love, shall shed the tender tear
O'er Innocence and Truth, reposing here.

VALENTINE,

VALENTINE,

Addressed to Miss SOPHY B——, *of Pembrokeshire.*

SOPHY, on this propitious day
The leafless woods resound
With Love's inspiring, artless lay,
And Nature hails the sound.

Yes, my belov'd, the warbling throng
By instinct now repair;
Listen, my Sophy, to the song
Of Love—which fills the air.

What Instinct bids shall *Reason* thwart?
Forbid it—Oh, my love!
Let us, then, be by Nature taught,
And imitate the dove.

Though far remov'd from thee, sweet maid,
Yet still thy form I see;
And often seek the lonely glade,
To fix my thoughts on thee.

When Flora's hand shall deck the ground
With various shrubs and flowers,
I'll cull the sweetest that are found
In hyacinthine bowers;

And weave a chaplet, to adorn
That beauteous brow of thine,
And strip the rose-bud of its thorn
For *thee*, my Valentine!

If Fortune should on *me* bestow
The gifts of Peru's mine,
With transport, then, dear maid, I'd show
Thou wert my Valentine.

Then let me hope to warm that heart
With tenderness like mine;
And though by destiny we part,
Call *me*—*thy* Valentine.

Hammersmith, W. H.
February 14th, 1805.

LINES

Written during a very severe Storm of Wind in the Depth of Winter.

HARK! how the howling tempest of the night
Roars through yon grove with all its wintry might:
The sons of ease, with luxuries made warm,
Unheeding listen to the driving storm,
Nor think, though blest themselves, how many weep,
And heave the sigh for those who cross the deep,
Whose hearts with friendship and with feeling glow,
Who mourn for others fate, for others woe;
Who picture sad, to Fancy's gloomy eye,
The sailor rocking on the topmast high:
Hard task of peril! thus the storm to brave,
Hanging suspended o'er the yawning wave:
The tempest soon, perhaps, will louder grow,
And the swoln sea sweep him and masts below.
He falls at once!—the surges drown his cries!—
His shipmates hear him not!—he sinks!—and dies!
Alas! and had they heard his scream of pain,
All hope to save the suff'rer had been vain.
Sad warning this to the remaining few;
Death, in its direst form, hangs o'er the crew,
No mast, no rudder left, the ship to guide,
A log-like mass she drives along the tide:
Now sunk in the abyss, now upwards driv'n,
She seems almost to touch the verge of Heav'n,
'Till some tall rock proclaims their wretched doom!
She strikes! and sinks them to a watery tomb!
In such a night, by sad misfortune led,
Where shall the houseless wand'rer hide his head!
No gladsome taper gleams upon his way;
Nor moon, nor stars, emit one friendly ray;
He wanders o'er some wide and dreary moor,
Perchance, where foot of man ne'er trod before:
Gloomy resort of all the reptile race,
Each bird of terror there has found its place:
Before him still, as on he cautious goes,
Some dreadful bog imagination shews;
Each step he takes may lead him to its side,
May plunge him in its vortex, long and wide;
Or else some pit profound may stop his way:
In either, death before him seems to lay.
He dares not move, by terrors circled round;
Seiz'd by despair, he drops upon the ground;
There clasp'd by death, he lays him down at last,
"Strech'd out, and bleaching, in the northern blast."

In

In such a night, some hapless village child,
If lost his way upon the gloomy wild,
His long'd-for home in vain essays to find,
And all the pleasing joys he left behind;
In vain he asks his mother's helping aid;
He only answ'ring hears the echoing glade.
Towards his lov'd home, next turn your pitying eyes,
Forth from her cot the mother wildly flies;
From door to door, with anguish see her run,
Of all her neighbours asks her wand'ring son:
No tidings heard, she back returns again,
And feels a mother's fears, a mother's pain:
Meantime the infant rambler, worn with toil,
Exhausted sinks upon th' unconscious soil:
His way quite lost, he spends his breath in cries!
He falls a victim to the cold!—and dies!
Omniscient Ruler of the winds and waves!
Whose power condemns to die, whose mercy saves!
Guard all our ways, protect our feeble form,
Preserve the sailors in the midnight storm,
Restore the rambler to his home-felt joys,
Free from all frenzied turbulence and noise,
Where waits, with anxious fear, his well-lov'd wife,
Partner of all his weal and woe through life;
His cherub children too, a happy train;—
Let them not look, oh! Pow'r Supreme! in vain;
Let them not know what 'tis a sire to lose:
The poet's pondering pray'r do not refuse;
Lead his lost footsteps to his home of rest,
Where peace, and joys domestic, make him blest!

February 4th, 1805. J. M. L.

POETICAL EPISTLE,

Sent to a young Lady, with a Copy of the Music in the new Opera of
"Thirty Thousand; or, Who's the Richest?"
Composed by MESSRS. REEVE, DAVY, *and* BRAHAM.

The Words marked with inverted Commas, are the Titles (or very nearly so) of the different Airs in the Piece.

DEAR SALLY,

Permit me to offer to you
"Thirty Thousand" fine notes, all *spick* and *span* new;
On your piano forte be so kind as to lay 'em,
And pronounce which the best is, Reeve, Davy, or Braham.
Variety's charming; and here you will find
"Social Joys" to enliven the musical mind.

And

And when "Britons united," in war's dangers join,
"Hearty British Tars" then with full lustre will shine:
But here war excites a sad sigh of regret,
"Abercrombie" in Egypt his death-blow has met:
He died by a "Bank where the waves gently flow,"
Where the sad "Willow Tree" droop'd an emblem of woe.
But next let the "Poor little Sailor Boy" tell,
In more lively strains, how he lik'd "Lovely Bell."
"Thoughts are free;" and as here they excursively roam,
Will alternately smile at the gay "Harvest home;"
And sigh at poor "Fanny's" unfortunate fate:
But the "Echo Duet" soon a smile will create.
Miss Davies's "Love Song" is plaintively pretty;
But "Wapping Stairs Poll" is a merrier ditty.
"On thy fertile Plains, Albion," in grander strains sing,
From foes we'll defend both our homes and our King.
The "Yorkshireman's Hobby" will canter in fun;
But the "Medley Duet" has of beauties *not one.*
The rest of the music I've not time to tell,
But accept it,

And you will oblige

February 4th, 1805. J. M. L.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Free-hold.

Correspondence, &c.

We must have the whole of the "Happy Recluse" *before we can judge of its merit.*

"A Country Gentleman's Visit to Town" *was too late for Insertion in this Number.*

"Female Biography, *No. I.*"—"The Female Mentor"—"On the Lake of Geneva"—*and* "On Family Pride," *are received, and will appear in due Course.*

"Echo" *shall have a Place in our Next.*

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Princess of Orange.

Published by Vernor & Hood Poultry. April 1.1805.